

A Kentuckian's account of a Panther Fight.

By JAMES H. HACKETT.

I never was down-hearted but once in my life, and that was on seeing the death of a faithful friend, who lost his life in trying to save mine. The fact is, I was one day making tracks homeward, after a long tramp through one of our forests—my rifle carelessly resting on my shoulder—when my favorite dog, Sport, who was trotting quietly ahead of me, suddenly stopped stock still, gazed into a big oak tree, bristled up his back, and fetched a loud growl. I looked up and saw, upon a quivering limb, a half-grown panther, crouched down close, and in the very act of springing upon him. With a motion quicker than chain-lighting I levelled my rifle, blazed away, and shot him clean through and through the heart. The varmint, with teeth all set and claws spread, pitched sprawling headforemost to the ground, as dead as *Julius Cæsar*! That was all fair enough; but mark! afore I had hardly dropped my rifle, I found myself thrown down flat on my profile by the old she panther, who that minute sprung from an opposite tree and lit upon my shoulders, heavier than all creation; I feel the print of her devilish teeth and nails there now! My dog grew mighty loving—he jumped a-top and seized her by the neck; so we all rolled and clawed, and a pretty considerable tight scratch we had of it. I began to think my right arm was about clawed up; when the varmint, finding the dog's teeth rayther hurt her feelings, let me go altogether, and clenched him. Seeing at once that the dog was undermost, and there was no two ways about a chance of a choke-off or let-up about her, I just cut jack-knife, and with one slash, prehaps I didn't cut the panther's throat deep enough for her to breathe the rest of her life without nostrils! I did feel mighty agreeable, and big as she was, I laid hold of her hide by the back with an alligator grip, and slung her against the nearest tree hard enough to make every bone in her flash fire. "There," says I, "you infernal varmint, root and branch, you are what I call *used up*!"

But I turned around to look for my dog, and—and tears gushed smack into my eyes, as I see the poor affectionate creature—all of a gore of blood—half raised on his fore legs, and trying to drag his mangled body towards me; down he dropped—I run up to him, whistled loud, and gave him a friendly shake of the paws—(for I loved my dog!)—but he was too far gone; he just had strength enough to wag his tail feebly—fixed his closing eyes upon me wishfully—then gave a gasp or two, and—*all was over*!

ORIGIN OF THE DISCOVERY OF PERU.—Balboa, the famous Spanish adventurer, in one of his expeditions, met with a young cazique, who expressed his astonishment at the high value which was set upon the gold, which the Spaniards were weighing and distributing. "Why do you quarrel," said he, "about such a trifle? If you are so passionately fond of gold as to abandon your own country, and to disturb the tranquillity of distant nations, for its sake, I will conduct you to a region where the metal, which seems to be the chief object of your admiration and desire, is so common, that the meanest utensils are formed of it." Transported with the intelligence, Balboa eagerly inquired where this happy country lay, and how they might arrive at it.—The cazique informed them, that at the distance of six *meses*, or six days' journey to the south, they would discover another ocean, near which this wealthy kingdom was situated; but if they intended to attack it, they must assemble forces far superior in number and strength to those which now attended them. This was the first information which the Spaniards received concerning the great southern continent, known afterwards by the name of Peru.

The Scotch Doctor and the Jackalls.

Doctor S— was on board a Company's ship lying at or near Diamond Harbour; and being short of amusement, and feeling the bump of *destruction* more strongly developed than usual on the surface of his pericranium, he took up his gun, and went on shore to lay wait for the Jackalls. In his walk along the beach he encountered the carcass of a dead buffalo—and, thinking himself sure of sport, lay down behind some bushes, and waited till the moon rose. Jackalls poured down from the woods by dozens, and began to pick the buffalo's bones. The Doctor cocked his percussion—and thought to himself, "The de'il my co-veys!—boot I ha' thee noo!—here goes for wha's the best mon, a Scot or a Jackall!" No sooner said than done,—the Doctor blazed away right and left, and through the cloud of his own smoke, dashed down the beach to bag his game! Alas! not a Jackall's brush was singed!—and, to the Doctor's consternation, instead of running away, the animals stood looking at him with much coolness; and though frightened by the report at first, they now began to collect round him, in great numbers, as if unwilling to be choosed of their booty. Dr. S— thought they might relish a bonny Scotman more than a carrion buffalo, and fumbled for his ammunition. But, unlike a wise general, he had left his powder-flask under the bushes; and the gaunt bonny forms of the Jackalls were now stealing down towards him from that quarter. "The de'il!—the de'il!—but my retreat is cut off!" wailed the Doctor; "and the varmints look as if they would na mind a bit o' Christian flesh!"

Strange and almost unparalleled as the incident may appear—and I had it from the Doctor himself—the hungry Jackalls, when a cloud passed over the moon, began to compass him around, and yelping and grinning with their long fangs, forced the Doctor to back as they advanced.

Dr. S— brandished his firelock and shouted, "Hoot awa'! Hoot awa'!" with all his vigour; but the cunning animals seemed aware of his being out of powder, and as the buffalo lay at the edge of the water, they fairly drove him into the river up to his chin, shrieking; "Hoot awa'!—hoot! awa'—the de'il damn your mother's sons!"—and being unwilling to lose his powder-horn, and yet afraid to attack such a host of "hoongry beasts," he waited shivering in the limpid element for many hours, till the gray of morning induced his conquerors to retire.

Nothing annoys the Doctor so much as the question: "Which is the best mon, Doctor, a Scot or a Jackall?" I believe it was S—'s first and last sporting excursion.

He left off shooting on the wise principle of a celebrated tiger-shot, who having killed nine, and narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the tenth, relinquished the sport for ever; and, when jeered for his timidity, he coldly replied, "Tiger-hunting is a delightful recreation while you hunt the tiger, but not quite so agreeable when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt you."—*London Sport. Mag.*

REBORN.—Mr —, a covetous man, lost his only son an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and in the course of conversation remarked, that such chastisements of Providence were *mercies* in disguise—that, although in the death of his son, he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had already suggested to him some sources of consolation. "Yea," exclaimed the weeping father, "James was a monstrous eater."

A schoolmaster being asked what "fortification" meant, replied that two twenty-fications made one fortification!

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

AS SUNG BY MR. POWER.

The Groves of Blarney, they are so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet silent brooks—
'Tis there's the Daisy spontaneous growing,
Planted by nature all in the rocky nooks,
'Tis there's the poesy call'd the sweet Carnation—
The blushing Pink, and the Rose so fair,
Likewise the Lily and the Daffy-dilly,
All sweet flowers scenting the most fragrant air.

Ooh hone! Ooh hone! &c.

'Tis Lady Jeffery that owns this station,
Like Alexander or like Helen fair,
There's never a commander in all the nation,
For emulation can with her compare;
There's castles round her where no nine pounder,
Would dare for to enter into her place of strength,
Until Oliver Cromwell, (bad luck to that old thief,) he
did her so pummel,
That he made a great breach right through into her
battlements.

There's gravel-walks there for meditation,
And contemplation, all in sweet solitude—
'Tis there's the lover may meet the Plover,
Or the gentle Dove, by way of interlude:
And in case any young lady be so engaging,
Just to fetch a walk those shady bowers around,
Obl'tis there's her courtier might transport her,
Into some dark cavern all down in under ground.

'Tis there's the cave where no day-light enters—
Where Cats and Badgers are forever bred,
Almost by nature, which makes it complature,
Nor a coach and six nor a downy bed.
'Tis there's the lake well stored with fishes,
The comely Eels in the vardant raud that stray,
There's them Trout and them Salmon, playing toge-
ther at black-gammon.
But if you try to catch hold of them dont they all im-
majuntly swim away.

'Tis there's the Kitchen with many a sitch in,
And the maids a stithin before the door:
There's bread and biscey, likewise the whiskey,
Which would make you frisky, if yourself was there,
'Tis there's good Katy Whaley's daughter Nelly,
A washing praters forment the door,
Auk Roger Daly and Miss Biddy Kelly,
All blood relations of that entirely great, noble, and
renowned family my Lord Donnogmore.

There's statury gracing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and sweet Nicodemus,
All alive and naked out in the cold frosty air—
And now to finish this brief narration,
Which my pper genus could ne'er divine,
Oh was I a Homer, or even Nebuchadnezzar,
In every feature I'd make it for to shine.

From the London New Monthly Magazine..

LOVE'S ALAS!

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Th' unluckiest lover sure am I
That ever penned a sonnet,
Or eulogized a lady's eye,
Or tied a lady's bonnet.

And what is worse, my case is one
That hath no parallel
In Cupid's calendar. There's none
E'er loved so ill—so well!

Perhaps you'll think Louise is crusty—
Or else too young—or I
A bachelor, grown old and fusty,
Less fit to wed than die.

Or perhaps, you'll think my goodness silly
Some one else caresens;
Or that papa has treated drily
Me and my addressee.

Yet no: I am but twenty-one;
The nymph not quite so aged;
Moreover, I'm an only son,
And she quite disengaged.

And for papa and ma, I'm sure
They'll never rant and rave,
Because I know they're both secure,
And quiet in the grave.

Neither is't absence mars my lot;
Nor illness, which is worse;
Nor yet that Wedlock's antidote,
Yclept an empty purse.

Then what, you'll ask,—what can it be,
I' the name of love and wonder,
That keeps my sweet Louise and me
So wrongfully asunder?

This—this the cause of all my woes—
Woes that no tears can quench!
She not a word of English knows,
And I not one of French.

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

The gay *Daffodil* once, an amorous blade,
Stole out of his *bird* in the dark,
And waking his man *Ragged Robin*, he strayed,
To breathe forth his vows to a *Violet* maid
That dwelt in a neighbouring park.

A spiteful old *Nettle* aunt frown'd on their love,
But *Daffy* who laughed at her power,
A *Shepherd's Purse* alipped in the nurse's *Fox-glove*,
Then up *Jacob's Ladder*, he flew to his dove,
And into the young *Virgin's bower*.

The *Maiden's Blush Rose*, and she seemed all de-
may'd,
Attired in her new white *Lady's Smock*;
She called *Mignonette* but the sly little jade
That instant was hearing a sweet serenade
From the lips of a tall *Hollyhock*.

The *Pheasant's Eye*, always a mischievous wight,
For prying out something not good,
Avow'd that he peep'd through the key-hole that
night,

Where clearly he saw, by a glow-worm's light,
Their *Two faces under a Hood*.

Old dowager *Peony*, deaf as a door,
Who wish'd to know more of the facts,
Invited Dame *Mustard* and Miss *Hellebore*,
With Miss *Periwinkle*, and many friends more,
One ev'ning to tea and to tracts.

The *Buttercups* rang'd; defamation ran high,
While every tongue joined the debate:
Miss *Sensitive* said, 'twixt a groan and a sigh,
"Tho' she felt much concern'd, yet she thought her
dear Vi

Had grown rather love-sick of late."
Thus the tale spread about through the busy pattern:
Miss *Columbine* turned up her nose;
And the prude Lady *Lavender* said with a stare,
That her friend, *Mary Gould*, had been heard to de-
clare,

"The creature had toy'd with the *Rose*."

Each *Sage* look'd severe, and each *Cock's comb* look'd
gay,

When *Daffy*, to make their minds easy,
Miss *Violet* married, one morning in May,
And as sure as you live, before next *Lady-day*,
She brought him a *Michaelmas Daisy*.



Painted by H. B. Thorne

THE BOWLING GREEN

Published by S. C. Atkinson





OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Then came the jolly summer, being dight,
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And all his head a garland well beset
He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore."

No. 7.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JULY.

[1834.]

THE LUTE.

My twilight lute! my twilight lute!
You hear each silver tone,
Breathing among the tremulous leaves
Of all these woodlands lone,
As plainly as you ever heard
From mortal lips a living word.

And may not love, in burning souls
Of such a clime as this,
Utter with such a voice divine,
Its sorrows and its bliss?
It fills the eye, the brow, the cheek;
Yet cannot, as it need not speak.

Ah no! It is a vestal fire,
In the veiled bosom fed,
Whose hallowed heat must only be
O'er its own worship shed:
Within, within, the spirit kneels,
Hushed with the rapture which it feels.

Ah no! it is enough to see,
In glorious eyes like thine,
O daughter of the vine-crowned land,
The fervid feeling shine:
She smiles—she sighs—I will not seek
For surer pledge—she need not speak.

B. B. T.

Written for the Casket.

THE MONARCH'S WISH.

Oh! that I had wings like a dove! for then would I
fly away, and be at rest. Lo then would I wander
far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten
my escape from the windy storm and tempest.—Ps.
53. 6, 7, 8.

The wearied monarch sat apart,
A moment from his troubles free;
Saddened in soul, and sick at heart,
With earthly pomp and vanity:

25

And while with burdening cares he strove,
And griefs were gathering in his breast,
He sighed for pinions like a dove,
To flee away, and be at rest.

He languished for a calm retreat,
Some far-away and peaceful shore;
Untrodden, but by sinless feet,
Were earth should vex his soul no more:
Hate had usurped the bower of love,
And wild the phrenzy of his breast;
And oh! for pinions like a dove,
To flee away, and be at rest!

'Tis thus with life: its best estate
Is but a feeble ray of joy;
An hour of golden hopes elate,
Which often clouds and storms destroy:
And while the heart reluctant clings,
And sorrows, overwhelm the laboring breast,
Oh! for the Turtle's gentle wings,
To flee away, and be at rest!

And though the joys of earth invite
To sip their flattering streams of pain,—
Who, that has tasted earth's delight,
Would ever sigh to taste again?
Its purest joys, its fairest things,
But serve to wound the bleeding breast:
Oh! for the Turtle's gentle wings,
To flee away, and be at rest!

But there shall come a glad release
From all the storms that darkly roll;
And mercy's voice shall whisper "peace"
Upon the tempest of the soul:
For death the envied treasure brings,
And calms the tumults of the breast;
And gives the spirit deathless wings,
To flee away and be at rest!

C. W. E.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVES.

Written for the Casket.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Holy to human nature seems,
The long forsaken spot;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot.

MRS. HEMANS.

It was a fearful period in New England's early history. The pilgrim fathers, enduring persecution and wrong, had become jealous of their rights and suspicious of every novelty. The night was dark and boisterous, and the tempests of autumn gathering up their might threatened deeper distress to the unprovisioned colonies, when the family of Gov. Endicott was surprised by the entrance of two strangers, habited each in a long black surplice and hood. There was a startling pause as they entered, during which they stood as criminals awaiting their destiny. The Governor, placing himself in attitude of defence, and assuming an air of one who was wont to command, demanded who they were and what their errand. The stoutest of the two laying aside his cowl and bowing with a courtly air, replied, "fear not, honored sir, we are from the haughty, persecuting government of Charles II. and we come to you as exiles—outlaws, on whose heads a price is set, entreating your protection." The Governor drew up his benignant countenance to a sort of frown, and sternly bade them welcome. The strangers gravely seated themselves while the eldest continued;—

"It were not best to conceal my character sir, at this critical hour in the political affairs of England; I will therefore boldly declare myself, I am William Goffe, one of the judges of King Charles the 1st, and now, that Cromwell is deposed, and Charles the 2nd about to be proclaimed, I with this my wife have sought protection here, yet I ask it not for myself beneath your roof. I would seek a more retired spot, and if you will but shield and shelter the companion of my bosom till the tempest of political fury be spent, you will not be conferring a favor on ungrateful hearts."

Governor Endicott immediately signified his readiness to accomodate and oblige them; and it was soon agreed that on the succeeding morning Goffe should remove to Cambridge, and the lady, his wife, remain in the family of Gov. Endicott and pass for his own daughter.

Accordingly next morning the exiles "pressed the parting hand," and bade adieu with swelling bosoms, little deeming it was their last farewell. The wife of William Goffe was the daughter of Robert Endicott, Bart. brother to the Governor of the colony of Massachusetts, at whose house she now dwelt, consequently she felt not entirely as a stranger; but so long had she been wont to tread the paved walks of England and accustomed to courtly honors that she was ill prepared to dare the perils and the sufferings of that infant colony: yet with woman's heroism, and woman's faithfulness, she forsook her titled splendours and accompanied the idol of her heart in exile to this unexplored, savage wilderness.

Not long however had they remained in their

new situations, before the act of indemnity was brought from England, and it appeared that Goffe was not excepted with those to whom pardon was offered; consequently the Governor was obliged to summon a court of assistants to consult about securing him, but they did not agree to it, yet finding it unsafe to remain where he was, Goffe immediately left Cambridge, and none knew whither he went, not even the grief stricken spirit of her, the companion of his youth, the sharer of his exile. A few days after his removal a hue and cry was brought by way of Barbadoes and the Governor and assistants issued a warrant as in loyalty they were obliged, to secure him; and to avoid all suspicion of their sincerity they sent two zealous loyalists through the colonies in search of him. But though he effectually eluded discovery, the yearning soul of his beloved wife was not quieted, for she knew not but he was a captive in savage hands, or suffering even greater perils than savage ingenuity could devise. It was in vain her friends endeavoured to cheer her suffering heart, and in vain that they offered her the sympathies and the consolations of friendship. Years passed on, each bearing on its bosom the unebbing tide of her woe and the record of woman's constancy; years passed on, and she passed from youth to middle age, with her spirit still unburthened, and her sorrow unassuaged. The flatteries of those who would gladly have won her to themselves, she heeded not, and the vows and protestations of England's titled sons as they knelt before her on their public errands hither, passed by her as the wind, though there was scarce a shadow of probability that he for whom every sacrifice was made, would ever again return to shield her beneath the arm of his protection. Patiently, meekly, aye, and joyfully could she have borne with him his degradation and his shame, if shame and degradation there could be, in bearing the image of an outlaw and an exile for a deed his conscience and his country had approved; patiently and meekly could she have borne with him his sufferings and privations, but to be separated from him and uncertain of his fate, was more than her woman's heart could bear.

There was at this time an Indian, by the name of Ninnigret, a sachem of the Niantick's, one of the most venomous and subtle among the numerous tribes of the Naragansetts, who had for a time held bitter enmity toward the family of long Gov. Endicott, and he having by some secret art become acquainted with the circumstances of the religious Goffe, and ascertained also the situation and distresses of his faithful wife, resolved on a plan to convey her away and destroy her, hoping thus to afflict the family of the Governor and vent his hatred.

Accordingly he kept hourly watch about the dwelling, and finding her one evening on an excursion alone to a neighbouring grove, he stepped forward and in a friendly tone and manner made known his errand, telling her that her husband was secretly holding himself in the cave of a high rock, which was the fact, near New Haven; and that he had sent him to give her information and conduct her to the place; and added that it must be done without the knowledge of any one, lest public information

should be obtained of his residence, and be consequently exposed to the long threatened punishment. The heart of Mary Goffe bounded with joy at the communication, and she was ready to accompany the savage through the untrod pathless wilderness even to its most desolate haunts, could she but once more behold the object around which had clustered all her youth's bright hopes, and her heart's most sacred sensibilities. She paused a moment—a slight expression of distrust passed over her countenance; then once more looking in the face of her narrator her confidence was renewed and she moved gaily forward with her savage escort.

Ah what will not the affection of woman dare, and its enthusiasm attempt; in the blindness of her love through every age, what sacrifices has she not made and what perils suffered that she might unhindered bow down to the star of her youth.

The sachem was accompanied by a band of hardy warriors and they had not proceeded far before she was made to understand their unhallowed deception, and by menaces and threats forced to a state of the most distressing and perplexing fearfulness. Hunger, and cold, and sickness, and suffering of every kind, the delicacy of her constitution was made to endure and its feebleness a support. But it would be in vain to attempt to pourtray the sorrows and the woes of her long and dreary wanderings. Daily was she expecting and wishing the hour of her trial and her torture, but it came not, while her spirit strove with savage insult. At length after the weary wanderings of nearly two years, during which she had seen no human face but the savages around her, the faggots were gathered, the implements of torture prepared on the top of the highest mountain that overlooks the Connecticut, near Northampton. The river rolled as now in all its majesty along, and its beautiful curve was distinctly visible from the top of that commanding eminence. What though the hand of centuries had not polished the mountain and dignified the plain, yet the forest stood in its native grandeur, laden with foliage, grass and herbage flourished, and flowers in all their beauty bloomed unplucked and the impress of the God of nature dwelt on all around; in view of these the heart of the woe worn captive felt the presence of the Deity and could calmly yield herself to her destroyers.

But while these things were preparing there, other and still more alarming scenes were passing in the village a few miles below them. The Sabbath's holy calm as yet unbroken by the savage whoop had settled on the spirits of that small band of puritans and they had gathered with hallowed yearnings in the house of prayer, rejoicing in that interval of alarm and peril; suddenly their orisons ceased, and the still communion with their God was broken by the yells of savage warriors. Unarmed and defenceless as they were, confusion and consternation prevailed. But in the midst of their alarm when all was terror around, there appeared among them an aged and venerable man, in military armour, and with the air of one of authority he immediately placed himself at their head and led them to the onset. Valiant indeed were his deeds,

for by his bravery the enemy were soon dispersed. But instantly he disappeared, leaving the astonished and grateful inhabitants to the conjecture that the arm of an angel had delivered them. As he passed from their gratulations, he discovered, through the bending forest, the fire prepared, and the helpless victim of Ninnigret ready for sacrifice. His spirit was emboldened, and his arm strengthened for the rescue; he hastened to the spot with the firm and elastic step of his better days. The savages noticed his approach, and simultaneously they shrank back from a look so bold and daring. Their leader resolving to accomplish his work of death, instantly raised his tomahawk, and planting it in the head of his captive, fled with his followers far into the forest's fastnesses.

At this moment the valorous stranger came up and knelt to raise that fallen one from the earth. But more than the lassitude of fatigue, and the weakness and tremulousness of age came over him as he traced in the ghastliness of death, and though the marks of grief, and woe, and years, the features of one whose image he had cherished in his heart with an idolatry that had been almost crime in the sight of Heaven—the companion of his youth—the wife of his bosom! Years, painful years had passed since their separation in their exile, and that face and form he had worshipped so devotedly were changed indeed, still the beauty and the grace were there, and they could not be mistaken even in the fixedness of death, and he wept, aye, wept as woman weeps, till his armour was dewed as with the rain drops. Alas! the tears of manhood, they gush forth from the agony of an o'erburdened spirit, as the torrent from the swollen fountain bursts through all restraint.

At length he rose from the earth with a calmer spirit, and raising his dead wife in his arms, he bore her far through the forest depths and depositing her at the foot of a lofty mountain, he dug a grave, and after kneeling long and fervently beside it, he laid the clods upon the bosom of his love.

* * * * *

In an unplained, unriveted, and unromantic town in the interior of Massachusetts there rises abruptly from the surrounding scenery a beautiful mountain, abounding equally in vegetation and story, and still known to its inhabitants by its original Indian name. It overlooks many very pleasant villages; but by far the most beautiful of all it commands, are the rudely constructed dwellings of the inhabitants at its base, with their fertile gardens, rich in culinary importance, stretching toward the sun and bedded with herbage and flowers, while here and there rises in rustic grandeur a stately stock of the sunflower, the most domestic of all Flora's numerous family, and the more ungraceful holly with its innumerable varieties; and still further on "the twinkling maize field," the meadows with their waving grass, and grain, the untilled pasturage dotted with lowing herd and bleating flocks, quietly grazing on the hillocks or ruminating in its valleys. There is also at the foot of this mountain a small pond, glittering in the rays of the noonday's sun, and reflecting its sedge

margin, and the drooping tassels of the willows that fringe its banks.

It was near these that a small party of the original Massachusetts colony quietly located themselves, after their sun of battle had gone down; but as they began to fell, and build, and frame, and cultivate what then was but a forest, they discovered a slight mound of earth marked at each end by two bits of unhewn stone, and on them rudely carved the letters M. G. 1679. On one side of it there stood rooted a plant of the sweetbriar, shedding its fragrance round the desolate spot, and on the other a giant oak which seemed like one of the fathers of the soil; many of its boughs were leafless and dead. But these, as well as its trunk, were covered with leaves of the ivy which had sprung up at its root, and pierced the body with its tendrils until the bark had grown over it in some places, and it seemed a part of the oak itself. It was the only tree of the kind that could be found in that vicinity, and the ivy is by no means an indigenous plant, therefore, there was every reason to believe that these had been transplanted by some careful hand to mark that spot, "holy to human nature." It was also surrounded by a small spot of cultivated land, and near it an old log hut in a dilapidated state, its timber overgrown with moss, and here and there among the ruins a rusty kitchen utensil, or implement of husbandry. All these were carefully examined, and the place left to its desolation. Indeed the inhabitants avoided the place as a haunted spot and feared to tread the soil. Many and various were the conjectures respecting it. Some declared that it was the grave of Paugus; others, that it was that of one of the Salem witches, who having fled from the scene of confusion they had created, had perished there; while one old lady, the oracle of the town, collecting more of truth than others might have believed, deposed, that it was the grave of one of the judges of King Charles the 1st, and from this it was commonly received, that it was the grave of a murderer; and hence, at that superstitious age, the stoutest and most fearless of all that hardy band of labourers that emigrated thither, dared not turn the sword around it. But there was one who *knew* its history, and treasuring it in his heart, daily watched that sacrilege did not pollute it, while tradition with her Babel tongues was babbling.

At sunrise on a morning in spring, an aged man, of giant stature was discovered by the inhabitants of the nearest dwelling in an attitude of prayer beside that lonely grave. His beard was long, and his locks thin and hoary and unprotected by any covering, fiercely wrestled with the winds that swept around the mountain, and his stout and sinewy frame seemed as unyielding as the tall forest around him. His joints were slightly girded with the skin of the wolf and his feet bound in that of the timid fawn. Horror and amazement seized the affrighted family, and they at first believed it some supernatural visitor to the tomb of an injured relative. Shortly they became more rational, and came to the conclusion, that it was a lunatic, or wild man of the wood who had his dwelling in some recess of the mountain, and they resolved to watch him through that day, and communicate his move-

ments to the neighbouring peasantry; and should he make his appearance on the succeeding, they would give him chase as they would the beasts of the forest. Ere long, however, the aged stranger rose from his orisons and gazing steadfastly a few moments on the grave before him, he turned away, and began to collect from the ruins around, the bits of broken wood and small timber; with these in the course of the day he erected a sort of booth, covering it with the boughs of the oak that stood in lonely pride on that desolate spot. Thus he had formed a shelter from the rain and sun, and a covering for the night; observing this as a token of pacific disposition, the inhabitants began to look upon him less fearfully or more leniently, and to consider him as a being of friendly order, and whose claim to the soil was prior to their own, and they concluded to let him remain peacefully and enjoy as he would his own mysterious character and hermit seclusion.

For many months he made his fearless abode in the then dreary place, keeping himself aloof from the society of man, and apparently holding intercourse alone with Heaven and the mysteries of his creation. Daily was he to be seen beside that lonely grave in the attitude of prayer. At length one morning at the accustomed hour he was missed at the spot where he was wont to kneel in adoration, and nothing was observed of him through the day. Another followed, and another, and he was absent still, and conjecture was earnest to account for his disappearance. Finally it was determined to rally the bravest among them and proceed to the hut. Accordingly, after he had been missing three or four days, several of the sternest and the stoutest among them formed a band and entered the hut. Braver hearts than the fathers of that age possessed were never on Columbia's soil, yet even these quailed and shuddered, as they found themselves in presence of a feared and dreadful thing—the mere vestige of humanity in the very throes of death. Alas there is ever a fearfulness attached to mystery and death. It has made the bold heart shiver and the sturdy shrink. What wonder then, they should stand aghast when these that make earth a fearful spot, brake upon their vision in the fullness of their terror. The object of their search was stretched upon the ground before a small faggot blaze and loosely wrapped in a blanket. Nothing like food appeared within his reach, and his haggard looks betokened he had not obeyed nature's call for many a day. A few papers were lying about the hut, a pen and ink stood in one corner of it and his hand firmly clenched a folded piece of parchment. To the sound of human voices he roused for a few minutes, seemed to parry with death and raising his eyes to those who surrounded him, in a feeble and tremulous voice he interrogated, "Are ye come to bury me now?" The destroyer has not finished his work." To this one of the boldest among them replied, "Nay, we are not come on any purpose of harm or errand of mercy and if necessary would be ministers of mercy; nor would we molest the stranger who is at peace in his own dwelling. But our business here was to learn the fate, and if possible, ascertain something of the character of one who has seemed a wanderer in this valley,

shining the haunts of men and familiar only with the forest caves." "My history," the aged man replied, "has no connexion with any thing here, nor can never be fully known, nor has it ever been wept or mourned by any, except the occupant of that grave ye may see not far distant; many incidents of my life may stand recorded on England's history, and others perhaps connected with the annals of America, but the heart's true history can never be told. The events of our lives become important to ourselves, only as they influence and affect the heart. And dropping the parchment he had held, he added, that, I had hoped, would preserve my name from oblivion and asked no more—'tis useless now, my hour has come, and I beseech ye men, bury me in solitude and silence beneath that aged oak, and beside that grave where I have so often knelt, the grave of my wife, and let my name only be there inscribed, for I am William Goffe, England's long lost, long exiled son. There was a choking for utterance and a struggling for breath and then a moment and the heart of the regicide was at rest forever!

* * * * * A long unbroken pause succeeded, and that firm band gravely and solemnly obeyed the injunction of the dead, and to this day the spot is marked and passed with hallowed breath, and childhood points it out, as the place of the *Unknown Graves*.

Bombardment and Defence of Stonington, *During the late War with Great Britain.*

No part of the sea-coast of Connecticut is more exposed to an annoyance from an enemy than the village of Stonington. It is compactly built on a point of land extending into the sea, with a harbour easy of access and wholly unfortified. During the late war, whilst the national vessels were blockaded in the harbour of New-London by the British fleet, the inhabitants of Stonington were under continual apprehension of a visit from the enemy. The blockading ships were in fair view of the village, and their boats almost daily reconnoitred along the coast, apparently with other objects than the interruption of commerce. We implored the general government for protection, but it was not found convenient to grant it. The governor of the state, however, sent us a small guard of militia to aid the inhabitants in keeping a nightly watch, and sound the alarm in case the enemy should approach. Despairing of further aid, the citizens who were disposed to do their duty to their country and to themselves, resolved to take their defence into their own hands. By voluntary labour, three temporary breastworks were thrown up in different positions. At the upper work a staff-flag was planted, and a small platform prepared, on which was placed two fine eighteen-pounders which had been obtained from the national government previous to the war. Scarcely were these hasty preparations made, when on Tuesday, the ninth of August, 1814, the hostile fleet was perceived to be in motion, passing through Fisher's Island Sound and coming on in the direction of Stonington. Various conjectures were formed as to their destination; few of us, however, supposed that so formidable

a force could be arrayed for the attack of our defenceless village. As they continued to approach, the female portion of our population expressed great alarm, which soon rose to indistinguishable consternation when the whole squadron were seen to enter our harbour, consisting of the *Ramilies*, seventy-four, the frigate *Pactolus*, the bomb-ship *Terror*, and the brig of war *Despatch*, of twenty guns. Soon after they were moored, a barge put off from the nearest ship and rowed towards the shore, bearing a white flag. A momentary consultation was held among the inhabitants who were then assembled, on the question what shall be done? when it was decided, as by a general impulse, to meet the foe! Immediately several gentlemen entered a boat and proceeded to receive the flag. The officer of the barge, the first lieutenant of the *Ramilies*, presented an unsealed communication, of which the following is an exact copy, but refused to answer any interrogatories further than to say he had performed his duty in delivering the message of the commander.

"His Britannic Majesty's ship *Pactolus*,
9th August, 1814, half-past 5 P. M.

"Not wishing to destroy the unoffending inhabitants residing in the town of Stonington, one hour is granted them from the receipt of this to remove out of town. T. M. HARDY,

Captain of his Majesty's ship *Ramilies*."

I shall not attempt to describe the agitation which this message occasioned. Its brevity, its awful import, the overwhelming force of the enemy, our defenceless condition, and the short time allowed us to remove our "unoffending" women and children, and to prepare for the conflict, awoke sensations which can be more easily conceived than expressed. The brief space allotted us was diligently employed in taking our non-combatants to places of safety, and in collecting whatever ammunition could be found in the possession of individuals, whilst ten determined volunteers took their stand at the breastwork, to observe the first movements of the enemy. All remained quiet until eight o'clock in the evening, when the *Terror* commenced the bombardment, by throwing a shell into the town, and continued with short intervals to fire bombs and carcasses through the night. Nothing was done, at that period, on our part, except once discharging an eighteen-pounder at the brig, which had suspended a lantern in her shrouds, but immediately hauled it down from the apparent effect of the shot. As soon as the day broke on Wednesday, the enemy's barges appeared at a short distance from the east side of the point, and commenced firing their rockets at the buildings. Immediately a sufficient number of the volunteers dragged one of their guns across the point, attacked the barges from the open field, sank one of them, compelled the rest to retire, and, in the midst of a raking fire from the brig, returned to the breastwork in safety. At sunrise, the brig of war commenced firing upon the town, approaching within grape-shot distance of the shore. At the same moment the *Terror* resumed the discharge of rockets and throwing of shells and carcasses. Whilst the brave men at the guns were doing their duty,

others equally fearless followed the rockets and carcasses to the buildings, and extinguished the fires they were kindling—a perilous service, which they continued to perform to the end of the conflict. The men at the breastwork had ammunition for one gun only, which they aimed with deadly effect, hulling the brig at every shot; but their powder at length failing, they reluctantly retired for a short time, until the express which they had despatched to New-London should return with a supply.

This, to their great joy, arrived at eleven o'clock, A. M., when they instantly repaired to their post, nailed their colours to the staff, opened their fire anew, and with such effect that the brig, in no great length of time, to avoid being sunk, cut her cable and retired, leaving her cable and anchor behind, which were afterwards secured, and are still preserved. During this exhibition of desperate valour, the men were driven to the expedient of making cartridges with clothing torn from their bodies, and weeds collected around the breastwork; and when the match-rope failed, they fired the cannon with a small gun snapped over the vent. The number of men thus engaged at no time exceeded twenty, all equal in command. The bombardment continued until Thursday, when a cessation of hostilities took place, and a flag was sent from Commodore Hardy, with a message, the purport of which was, to require us to send on board his ship Mrs. Stewart, the British consul's wife, then in New-London, and to give a pledge that we would not send *torpedoes* to annoy his ships. On our compliance with these terms, he engaged the bombardment should cease. With a spirit becoming the occasion, he was told in reply, that no compliance could be expected from us, and no favours were asked of him beyond what the rules of honourable warfare required. The bomb-ship re-commenced her fire of shells and carcasses; and on Friday, after the Ramilies had fired two broadsides at the town, the squadron, about noon, retreated to the place from whence it came, with little cause of triumph, it is believed, at the result of the expedition.

Should it be asked how many lives were lost on our part? I must answer, with gratitude to God, not an individual was killed. One young man received a wound in the knee, and died six months afterwards. This statement may appear incredible when it is considered that during a part of the conflict the men were wholly exposed to the enemy's fire—that their breastwork was merely a mound of earth—the star-spangled banner, which hung low over our heads, was pierced with many balls, and the board-fence and buildings in their rear were perforated in a manner so remarkable, as would seem to render it impossible that any of them could have escaped uninjured. It will also be seen that those who were engaged in watching the houses, and guarding them against the effects of the rockets and shells, were exposed to dangers of no ordinary kind. Their unremitting efforts prevented a single instance of conflagration, although many buildings were greatly injured by the balls and shells, and some were wholly destroyed.

The bombardment, it is perceived, lasted

from Tuesday evening to Friday noon; during which many incidents of an interesting nature occurred which cannot now be detailed. One instance, however, of female fortitude and filial piety united, I feel it a duty to record. A few rods in the rear of the breastwork stood a small house, in which resided an aged widow and her daughter. The mother was sick and could not be moved. Her daughter remained alone with her through the night of Tuesday and the battle of Wednesday, until the mother died. The daughter then went forth to announce the fact and obtain assistance to bury the dead. No female aid could be had; all had fled. A few men assembled, but perceived they could do nothing with the body except to take it with the bed and covering, and bury them together. Accordingly they carried all to the nearest burying-ground, where they found a hole made by the fall and explosion of a shell, in which the whole were interred, and where they have since remained. The composure, the passive courage as well as dutiful affection of the daughter, astonished all who saw her. Without calling for aid or uttering a complaint, she continued at the bed-side of her dying mother until her death, while cannon-balls were often passing through the house, and even the room where she sat. Her name is Huldah Hall. She is still living, poor in worldly substance, but "rich in faith," and I doubt not, "an heir of glory."

The writer of the foregoing narrative has furnished no estimate of the enemy's loss, as he probably possessed no certain evidence of its amount. But if we may credit the account published at the time, it was far from proving a bloodless affair to the assailants.

Expresses were also sent to convene the neighbouring militia, who promptly assembled, were organized in the confines of the town, and stood ready to meet the enemy if a landing had been effected.

Written for the *Casket*.

Lines written at the request of a friend, on finding a Violet amidst the snows of January, 1834.

Frail delicate bloomer, how lovely, yet lonely,

'Mid tempests that chill thee, and wither thy bed;

In sweetness thou dwellest, meek, beautiful, only
Survivor of changes, that pass o'er thy head.

The rose can but blossom, when sunlight grows round
her,

'Mid airs mild and balmy, as zephyrs of spring,
But thou hast a smile, when the snow wreath hath
bound her—

And drear frosts of winter are wild on the wing.

Let the rose-bud of spring, be the type to remind us
Of friendships that bloom in the smile of the day,
But wither and pass, when the sorrows that found us,
Have rent all the sweets of existence away.

But thou art the same, true and constant forever;
The sunlight may glow, or the storm howl above,
Thy leaf is unfading, thy fragrance dies never—
Oh! what is thy type, and thine emblem but love.

Chapters from the Note-Book OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials of which I find any account in my note-book, took place in the Northern Circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of deep meditation and reflection. To those who think more lightly upon such subjects; to those whom philosophy or indifference has taught to regard the passing current of events as gliding on in a smooth and untroubled channel, varied only by the leaves which the chance winds may blow into the stream, it will offer food for grave contemplation. However they may smile at the thought of Divine interposition, they will recognise in this story another proof of the wisdom of the sage of old, who said, that when the Gods had determined to destroy a man, they began by depriving him of his senses, that is, by making him act as if he had lost them. To the inexperienced in my profession it will teach a lesson of prudence, more forcible than ten thousand arguments could make it; they will learn that of which they stand deeply in need, and which scarce anything but dear-bought experience can enforce—to rest satisfied with success, without examining too nicely how it has been obtained, and never to hazard a defeat by pushing a victory too far. “*Leave well alone*” is a maxim which a wise man in every situation of life will do well to observe; but if a barrister hopes to rise to eminence and distinction, let him have it deeply engraven on the tablet of his memory.

In the year 17—, John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled.—The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of — shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer’s day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during his life. Great consternation was, of course, excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made, first, as to who the stranger was—and, secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village about an hour before he reached the

house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no farther. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

With respect to the death, as little could be learned as of the dead man; it was, it is true, sudden—awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner’s jury was of course, summoned; and after an investigation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased *died by the visitation of God*. Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time rumour had not been idle; suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of a dark and fearful character, were at first whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another; but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over-scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining those supplies of money of which he was continually in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

Ten years and more had elapsed since his return; and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown; but, on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions.

Two months after the death of the stranger, a gentleman arrived at the place, impressed with a belief that he was his brother, and seeking for information either to confirm or refute his suspicions. The horse and the clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were instantly recognised; one other test there was, though it was uncertain whether that would lead to any positive conclusion; the examination of the body. The test was tried; and although decomposition had gone on rapidly, yet enough remained to identify the body, which the brother did most satisfactorily. As soon as it was known that there was a person authorised by relationship to the deceased to inquire into the cause of his death, and, if it should appear to have been otherwise than natural, to take steps for bringing to justice those who had been concerned in it, the reports which had been previously floating idly about, and circulated without having any distinct object, were collected into one channel, and poured into his ear. What those reports were, and what they amounted to, it is not necessary here to mention; suffice it to say, that the brother laid before the magistrates of the district such evidence as induced them to commit Mr. Smith to goal, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice,

to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the grand jury upon the subject of this murder had excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to ensure a conviction, to throw out the *Bill*; explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offence; whereas, if they found a true *Bill*, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumoured, by a majority of only one, returned a true *Bill*.

Never shall I forget the appearance of anxiety exhibited upon every countenance on the entrance of the judge into court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed; and interest, intense and impassioned, though subdued, seemed to wait upon every word and every look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet interfere to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. Nothing, however, occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield—"Let John Smith be placed at the bar." The order was obeyed; and, as the prisoner entered the dock, he met on every side the eager and anxious eyes of a countless multitude bent in piercing scrutiny upon his face.—And well did he endure that scrutiny. A momentary suffusion covered his cheeks: but it was only momentary, and less than might have been expected from an indifferent person, who found himself on a sudden "the observed of all observers." He bowed respectfully to the court; and then folding his arms, seemed to wait until he should be called upon to commence his part in that drama in which he was to perform so conspicuous a character. I find it difficult to describe the effect produced on my mind by his personal appearance; yet his features were most remarkable, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. He was apparently between forty and fifty years of age; his hair, grown grey either from toil, or care, or age, indicated an approach to the latter period; while the strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, and an eye that spoke of fire, and pride, and passion, ill concealed, would have led conjecture to fix on the former. His countenance, at the first glance, appeared to be that which we are accustomed to associate with deeds of high and noble daring; but a second and more attentive examination of the face and brow was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, strongly marked, the intellect to conceive and devise schemes of high import; but I fancied that I could trace, in addition to it, caution to conceal the deep design, a power to penetrate the mo-

tives of others, and to personate a character at variance with his own, and a cunning that indicated constant watchfulness and circumspection. Firmness there was, to persevere to the last; but that was equivocal; and I could not help persuading myself that it was not of that character which would prompt to deeds of virtuous enterprise, or to "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;" but that it was rather allied to that quality which would "let no compunctious visitings of Nature shake his fell purpose," whatever it might be. The result of this investigation into his character, such as it was, was obviously unfavourable; and yet there were moments when I thought I had meted out to him a hard measure of justice, and when I was tempted to accuse myself of prejudice in the opinion I had formed of him; and particularly when he was asked by the clerk of the arraigns the usual question, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" as he drew his form up to his fullest height, and the fetters clanked upon his legs, as he answered with unfaltering tongue and unblenching cheek, "Not guilty," my heart smote me for having involuntarily interpreted against him every sign that was doubtful.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box; he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated that, in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property, and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. With respect to the property of the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made way with, gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candour, he was bound to admit that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned; for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other.—Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant with suspicion at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased Henry Thomson was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and, as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death.—It would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his corre-

pendent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively to there being then in his possession jewels of large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties of which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson's departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner's house situated in the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested. He had not been seen from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith's house, and through which he passed without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith's gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt that the deceased died by *poison*—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained, that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question, by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself; there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negatived its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man-servant. The man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after

midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state, most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and singularly enough, since his committal, the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that, after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel) and he had done his duty; it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found, in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described, by the medical men, as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution; it amounted, in substance, to that which

the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even to knowledge.

When the case was closed, the Judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the Judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel told up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal, upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impression that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which at present appeared doubtful. He urged the learned Judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the fatal request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds, upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of, that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most

solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One fact, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer, the fact of his having gone to the bed-room of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room for a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said, that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant; he had, therefore, kept her out of their way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave to it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more; with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half-persuaded himself, that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening

of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and by that means draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust,—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once or twice*, while it stood there?—A pause; no answer.

I will call it to your recollection; after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left, hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. A medical man was immediately directed to attend her; and during the interval occasioned by this interruption to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. In a short time the gentleman who had attended the witness returned into court, and stated that it was impossible that she could at present resume her place in the box; and suggested that it would be much better to allow her to wait for an hour or two. It was now about twelve in the

day; and Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court for two hours. The prisoner was taken back to gaol, and the witness to an apartment in the gaoler's house; and strict orders were given that she should be allowed to communicate with no one, except in the presence and hearing of the physician. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper her's at the witness-box; the court in the interval had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness—I have very few more questions to ask of you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horse back, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded: the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting, in value, to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal; but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, *convicted and executed*.

A man whose great qualities want the ornament of exterior attractions is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.—*Johnson*.

Argument is to be invalidated but by argument, and is in itself of the same force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

From the New York Atlas.

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

This house was occupied by the Dowager of the celebrated general and statesman, John, second Earl of Stair, who died in 1747. Her ladyship, after long exercising a sway over the *haut ton* of the Scottish capital, died here, November 21st, 1769, at a very advanced age. The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," informed the author that he recollected her ladyship living in this house. The close takes its name from her ladyship. Some remarkable circumstances in the early life of this lady formed the groundwork of a tale by the author of *Waverley*, under the title of "Aunt Margaret's Mirror." They are now related here in a more ample form. She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudoun, and consequently was grand-daughter to that stern old Earl who acted so important a part in the affairs of the covenant, and was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublesome times of the civil war. While very young, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, she was married to James, first Viscount Primrose, a nobleman of extreme bad temper, and what was worse, of very dissolute character. Her ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character, but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time she was laboring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a sword drawn in his hand. He opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would, in all probability, have approached her near enough to execute his bloody purpose before she was aware, or could have taken any measure to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother—where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjuror or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition of other persons, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity to go with a female friend, to the lodgings of this person in the Canon-gate, for the purpose of enquiring regarding his motions. It was at night, and the two ladies went, with the tartan screens, or plaids of their servants, drawn over their faces by way of disguise.

Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the inside of a church with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognized in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband, Lord Primrose. The magical scene thus so strikingly displayed, was not exactly a picture; or if so, it was rather like the living pictures of the stage than the dead and immovable delineation of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had at last, been all made; the Priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands, when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and to whom Lady Primrose thought she recognized a brother of her own then abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party.

The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very considerably. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword and rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately vanished entirely away. When Lady Primrose got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers.

Soon afterwards her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he happened to see or hear any thing of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely that he at last confessed having met his Lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the principal Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend, the merchant; informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scotch gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days, and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but, fortunately, came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape, his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose! Although Lady

Primrose had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror, by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord Primrose's attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go to her chamber, and open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when, the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials, on the very evening they were transacted in reality. The story, with all its strange and supernatural circumstances, may only excite a smile in the incredulous reader. All that the narrator desires to say in its favor is this—it fell out in the hands of honorable men and women, who could not be suspected of an intention to impose on the credulity of their friends; it referred to a circumstance which the persons concerned had the least reason in the world for raising a story about; and it was almost universally believed by the contemporaries of the principal personages, and by the generation which succeeded.

From the Mobile Register.
HYMN TO THE STARS.

BY D. MARTIN.

Ye burning blazonry of God!
Ye glittering lights that never die!
That pave the realms by seraphs trod!
And hold untiring watch on high!
And circling Heaven's eternal King,
Ye dwell—His glorious fashioning!

Creation saw your timeless birth,
When from your own clear sapphire skies,
Ye gazed upon the virent earth—
An everlasting paradise!
And seemed to mock with silent gaze,
Nature's green garb and tulleless lays!

Since then ye've read the world's black page,
And seen a stream sublime,
Roll its dark waters o'er an age,
Of countless years of time!
In whose deep, dark, unletter'd caves,
Earth hides her mighty, as in graves.

Life's wasting—but ye still shine on,
And seem to me to be—
The lights upon the horizon
Of Eternity's black sea!
Pointing to the far-off sun-lit west,
Where all immortal spirits rest!

No man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

MARK LEE'S NARRATIVE.

"Toward Heaven's descent had sloped
"His waiting wheel."

MILTON in *Lycidas*.

An amiable youth, like thousands of others as young, as amiable, and as poor, was not many months since on the point of setting out for the Hesperia of the United States, or in plain English "The Western Country." This young man a few days before his departure, brought his Album to me, requesting the insertion of a piece as remembrancer of a friend. I put the Album in the drawer of my desk, and in the silence and quiet of the evening, drew it forth and spread it open on my table.

The circumstance roused all my own recollections. There was a something of more than common interest, of even awful in the very sound of "The West" which sighed to my heart in whispers of days, months and years, gone into the past. In the very first settlement of western Pennsylvania, amongst the emigrants were several families, from the banks of Swatara, in the neighbourhood of Hummelstown. Many of these were the intimate and cherished friends of my parents, who naturally sighed after their associates. Then, fifty-two years ago, "The West" was not what it is now, a smiling and widening garden. Even ideas of distance were then very different from what they are now. It is a fact which may well excite a smile, that in my native neighbourhood, "Illinois" was used as a term to express in the simple minds of a primitive people, the utmost limit, the *Neplus Ultra*. As late as 1785, when residing near Washington, then "Cat Fish's Camp," the first Geographical work ever put into my hands, contained a map on which the mouth and a very limited part of lower Missouri river were represented, with the following note:

"Traders and hunters, it is said, have ascended this river thirteen hundred miles, but its sources and branches are unknown."

The then mysterious West, was limited by Illinois river. I cannot resist relating an anecdote, as it illustrates the feelings and knowledge of the times.

On Swatara resided a poor itinerant Irish weaver or taylor, by the name of Eneas Grymes, and also a poor, but very corpulent Irish woman, named Jane Montgomery. The youngsters, for mischief, had much pleasure in teasing Grymes about Jane; and one day his good nature was tested beyond all bearing; Grymes in violent wrath, after a most bitter oath, exclaimed, "Before I'd marry Jenny Montgomery, I'd go to Illinois." If any man was now to swear, that in place of marrying any given woman, "He would go to Van Diemen's Land or New Zealand," the asseveration would have little force when compared with a trip in 1779, or 1780, from where Harrisburg now stands, to Illinois. Many, perhaps most of my readers, will doubt, perhaps if they do not actually deny the fact, that a voyage at present to New Zealand, and back to Philadelphia is, in point of difficulty and danger, a very inconsiderable affair to what

was a journey fifty-five years ago from Philadelphia to the spot where stands Vandalia.

Is there not something seductive in vague or undefined danger? Can the conduct of man be otherwise explained, in the operations of voyages by sea; caravan journeying over trackless deserts; or those of land and naval warfare? I should reply myself in the affirmative, for long and severely was I schooled to the movements and motions of my fellow men in the settlement of the West, where danger presented itself in all the aspects from that of mere light shadowy terror, to death in all the terrific frowns which imagination can conceive, or that the most infuriate rage could inflict.

Though a child, I might say an infant of five years of age, well do I remember while playing on the floor with one brother older and one younger, on a very stormy night of the winter 1780-81, that after some conversation between my parents respecting their friends, already gone there, that my father exclaimed, half in jest, I believe, "why can't we go to 'the Western country?'" My mother replied in the same playful careless strain, "Why not?"

In as short a time as preparations for his journey could be made, my father, early in 1781, put his design into effect; went to the West, made a cross on Buffalo, about five miles westward of the now fine borough of Washington.

Think not kind reader, from the preceding, that you are to be treated with "My Life written by myself," no, that is a legacy I have bequeathed to posterity, the reversion to oblivion, and the above glance of self biography is introduced to establish the fact, that in this and many other Border Tales which may follow—I am writing of events, to which I was either an eye witness, or a very close hearer. To what I have already given as personal to myself, let me add, that from 1781, to 1815, or from my sixth to fortieth year, I resided in "The West." This residence of thirty-four years, has sometimes appeared to me as a troubled dream, when some works have been put into my hands, purporting, to give the character of that generation which subdued the wilderness. "These are not the men or women that I have seen," have I often mentally exclaimed; and have I not seen the men and women of the West, from the lakes of Canada to the Mexican Gulf? Have I not seen this people under every form that this new born society could offer, and under almost every vicissitude which could excite them to action?

To say there was nothing peculiar in the color and substance of Border Society, would be to run into the opposite extreme to the disgusting caricatures, which represent a most efficient generation as composed of Yahoos.

Before resuming the thread of my story, I must intrude one more remark. What has been called the distinguishing character of any given people, has never, in any case, been the real character of one tenth part of the individuals. The fact is, that the far greater part of every nation or fraction of nations, have to conduct the business of life, and have neither leisure or inclination to act those deviations from the ordinary pursuits of their respective callings, which afford travellers element for what they choose

to entitle National Character. To sum up in a word what is, in most instances, given as the character of a nation, is almost invariably the most striking exception that can be given to the true character of that nation. Many, and fatal are the instances also, where this remark applies to individuals.

* * * * *

Traversing the mountain valley in October, 1781, my infant eye first caught a view of the parade of war. It was at the very moment that Lord Cornwallis and his army found themselves in a position, from whence, either advance or retreat was alike beyond their power. The remembrance of war on the Potomac, was far from the most appalling to families with little children advancing every day deeper into the gloom of the West. Yes, gloom I may repeat; with the very partial exceptions of a few recently founded villages and farms, "so few and far between," that they rather rendered the untamed face of nature still more striking, a dense forest swept over the mountains, and spread between the rivers to the then unknown regions in the interior of the continent.

Every day travellers on horseback passed in both directions our slow moving little caravan, and by both directions came reports of thrilling interest; but on the mother's heart of most appalling effect. Still we advanced to the bank of the Monongahela, to Chaffinch's Ford, where Brownsville now stands.

The season was rainy and unpleasant; the Ferry-house formed of two of the roughest log rooms joined into one cabin, and the whole joined to a constant stream of travelling both ways, gave a pavement of mud in and out doors. Young as I was, the scene was imprinted on my mind by incidents I seem to see at this moment. The morning after our arrival at Chaffinch's, my father and mother were sitting in the back part of the house; my sister, an infant not three months old, on her mother's breast, and myself and younger brother, still hanging on our father's knees. My poor terrified mother was pleading to stop, and my father, who had no dread of any particular danger, encouraging her to go on to the Buffalo settlement, when their attention was arrested by a stranger on horseback, who winding down the hill, stopped at the tavern door, (tavern and ferry-house in one) and giving his horse to one of Chaffinch's sons, walked into the front room. This same front room already contained several persons, some of them loiterers from the neighbourhood, as it soon appeared. Every traveller was at the moment, a new-carrier, come in what direction he would, and the stranger had not even time to order his breakfast, until half a dozen mouths were open with questions regarding the continental and British armies. The stranger, with eyes sparkling replied:

"Oh! friends, fine news, Cornwallis has surrendered!"

A very rough man who was sitting near the fire-place, sprang to his feet, and without giving the stranger a moment to explain, gave him the lie direct, and in the next breath swore, that "No British army would surrender to the Buckskins."

The stranger, a fine athletic looking man, took fire like tinder at the individual and national insult, and his eyes flashing fire, replied "Don't give me the lie again." But the instant the defiance was pronounced, the advocate of the British flashed the bright blade of a scalping knife in the face of the stranger, who sprang back, throwing off his coat. The whole house was in immediate uproar—women and children mixing their screams with the loud, hoarse, and angry voices of the men, and murder ready to be committed, when in stepped a man in the full dress of the western hunter warrior; his rifle poised in his left hand, and tomahawk in his right. Rushing between the combatants, he gently pushed the stranger back with his rifle hand, while he struck the knife from his opponent, who sunk back into his seat in the utmost terror.*

The hunter-warrior, a short, but very broad shouldered man, stood an instant viewing the crest fallen knife drawer, and then burst forth "Joe Timmons, do you know who I am?—Answer in a moment." "Mark Lee," at length replied Timmons, in great trepidation.

"Yes, it is Mark Lee, you infamous coward—you could draw your knife upon a stranger, and an unarmed stranger;—you could deny the success of a cause you never had courage to either oppose or support with even a knife in your hand; and ——— but I need not say what all knows who ever knew you, that you are a villain. I have now, God forgive me, saved your life from this young man, in his own defence, or from being hung for wanton murder."

Timmons seemed now ready to make a move to get away, but the tomahawk of Lee once more flashed in rapid whirls over his head, as the warrior in a most astounding voice, exclaimed, "Keep your seat, or I'll not leave an ear on your head,—the head itself is not worth cutting off." This invitation Timmons obeyed, and Lee

eyeing him again, burst into a laugh, which to be felt, must be heard, and then observing, in a most sarcastic tone "What a good soul it is!"—then another laugh followed by—"Timmons, you have done my bidding once, now take up that knife and throw it behind that fire"—that order was obeyed, "Now, my good fellow, I have one more advice to give you," says Lee, "never be seen again with a knife by your side, for, if you do, I'll take care to find it employment on that scalp," and sheathing his tomahawk, continued, fitting the action to the word, "just so," and seizing the burly hairs of Timmons, he shook him round the room, while the poor wretch screamed with pain and fright.

At length Lee, with another laugh, whirled Timmons into his seat, and turning round, called out "Mr. Chaffinch, bring us a pint of your best; here's poor Joe Timmons breaking every tooth in his head with the ague; but I'll cure him." The spirits was brought in, and Lee filling a horn, handed it with a mock bow to his writhing victim, saying, "Toss it off my dear fellow, and streak it."

Timmons obeyed both orders promptly, and I saw no more of him that I ever knew of. Lee I knew long and well in after life. As soon as Timmons was off the scene, Lee turned to the stranger, observing, "Well friend, you say Cornwallis, and his red coats, have surrendered to our Buckskins!"

"I have been told so, and believe the fact," replied the stranger.

"And I have been told so before, and I believe the fact," replied Lee, "for two reasons I have no doubt. First I helped to trap Burgoyne and his red coats, and in the second place, I don't think a red coat is more in one place than in another."

Here the keen eye of the hunter glanced through the inner door on my mother and her children, and with the manly freedom, exempt from rudeness, which marked the men of his cast, rose, entered the room, and seated himself by her side, lifting little brother upon his knee.

"Well, good woman, I suppose you have come amongst us,—ticklish times—where are you going to settle."

Before my mother could answer, my father relieved her by satisfying the inquirer, and then adding, in an air far more careless than he felt, "Mr. Lee, you seem to be well acquainted with this country,—you don't think there is any danger of the savages?"

"You have a little family, so have I," replied Lee, "and it will not do to stop your fears by a falsehood—I do believe there is two kinds of danger from these savages. One from them, and another from our own folly."

"In going in their way," said my mother, timidly.

Lee smiled and replied, "Yes, in going in their way, but not in the manner perhaps you mean."

"We are strangers to the country," said my father, solemnly, "we have entered it with our three little ones; as to myself, I have seen much of war, but nothing of Indian war, and as you appear friendly, and if you have time to spare, we would gladly receive from you some knowledge of the dangers, if any, before us."

* Let not the reader suppose that this was a man of straw, manufactured to be shot at; he really existed and made use of, in my hearing, of the very insulting expression recorded above; but it was not until many years afterwards, that I learned, that he was one of a similar set, who had from the commencement of its settlement, infested the vicinity of Redstone Fort. Mr. Withers, in the 167th page of his "Chronicles of Border Warfare," mentions this band, and then proceeds to state; that "So far did their opposition to those who espoused the cause of American liberty, blunt every finer and more noble feeling, that many of them were willing to embroil their hands in the blood of their neighbours, in the most sly and secret manner, and in the hour of midnight darkness, for no offence but attachment to the independence of the colonies. Mr. Withers then proceeds to relate, that a conspiracy had been formed to murder the Whigs, and for acceding to the terms offered by the Governor of Canada. This plot was discovered, and as our author states, only the ring-leader "of this fiendish league lost his life." He then concludes his account of the complot, by stating, that:—"A Court, for the trial of the conspirators was held at REDSTONE FORT, and many of them arraigned at its bar. But as their object had been defeated by its discovery, and as no further danger was apprehended from them, they were released, after having been required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States."

"What I have I'll give you freely," replied Lee, "I am one of the men called spies, and part of my duty is, to put people on their guard; and perhaps I cannot do my duty in your case better than just telling my own story."

By this time we were joined by several other persons, and all seemed anxious to hear Lee's little history, and the warrior seemed as willing to fight his battles once more, then commenced.

"Myself and two brothers were amongst the young men who left the banks of Potomac with Col. Cressap. In health and youth, and raised pretty much in the woods—in the woods we were at home. The Indian enemy, and hard beds on the ground, or on a rock, were what never disturbed our thoughts. Before crossing the mountains, I had from every mouth heard of that madman Braddock, and the scrape he had led his army into, and his own end. The name of this thing of feathers and cocked hat always came with Fool, Scoundrel, Rash Blockhead, or some other title, all of which it is likely he deserved, but I had not been long on this river, before I learned that General Braddock had left fools behind him. By the way, stranger, you say you have seen something of war, and of what you would call disciplined troops. When a boy I saw some of these disciplined troops, and *by my gun* that's now in my hand in these woods, they are the most undisciplined, confused, and stupid rabble that ever went blindfolded to be shot at. Why in their way, the Indians are the most completely disciplined men in the world. Were their arms as good, and their numbers half as great as ours, they would pick us out of these woods too soon. You, me, or any one else may call Braddock a fool, and tell no lie, but we are from the mountains to Ohio, doing in the small way, what this English fop did in the large. Now let me give you a bye-tale or two."

Old Cressap's advice always was, "when you fear Indians, never kindle a fire; eat meat raw, eat worms, or if you cannot do otherwise, why fast, but never kindle a fire—why an Indian," says Cressap, "can smell a fire as far as white man can see one."

"These things I laid by for use, and after I made that campaign under Capt. Van Swearingen, and General Morgan, and came back to the Monongahela, after having helped Burgoyne, and his red coats, to ease themselves of their guns and shot-pouches, I had become just wise enough to know, that the only fire to make where you have these red rascals to fight, ought to be from the lock of your gun.

"Well, we were amusing ourselves in and about Old Red Stone Fort on the hill yonder, when in come a runner and told us, that a whole family was murdered on the head of Ten Mile Creek, not much above twenty miles from where we sit.

"Now we had a number of young chaps here, to whom General Braddock was as shy as an Indian. Not cowards, but careless, heedless, and of course conceited. To hear half a dozen of such talking, and if you believe all they said, one was a match for any three *Shawnees*. You know as you are an old soldier, that a barrel with its head knocked out does not much quicker lose its contents, than soldiers do their

courage if they doubt their commander; and so every militia man is his own commander, if he loses confidence in himself, away he goes, and then catch him if you can.

"To head a few such heroes, in order to proceed to the scene of the late murder; give aid to the inhabitants, and bury the dead, I, Mark Lee was named. In all ten, and light on our occasions, we set out on our march. Another of Cressap's maxims, as he called them, was now given to this little army, "Keep your mouths shut, and never speak a word if you can help it, and never loud when an Indian enemy is near," but I might as well have attempted to stop the Monongahela, as the tongues of my companions; for it is useless to say they were under my command. Says I to myself, "I hope you'll receive a lesson before long, that will be of benefit to you, and one you'll never forget." Two of my terribles made themselves particularly merry as we marched along, by every once in a while leveling their rifles at some distant object, and exclaiming, "*If that was only an Inger,*" and in a thousand fooleries of the kind.

"As I had learned enough of the enemy, to know there was never so little to fear from them, as immediately after they had made a *Stroke* as we call it—I did not so much care, though much vexed. As I expected, we met no interruption until we arrived near the place of blood, at a block-house, where I joined, and was superseded in command, by a captain from the waters of Cheat River, who, with twenty men, and myself and nine, made thirty.

"I soon found that the hot blood of my boys was cool when compared to that of our captain. Nothing was listened to short of pursuing the red villains to the Ohio. With the captain I found a man of the name of Lewis Bonnet, who was a volunteer, and the only man of the whole thirty who really knew the country between us and the Ohio, and except myself, the only man in the company who understood the enemy.

"We reached the place about ten in the morning—and I will not shock you with any long description. The little clearing did not occupy or extend over three acres of a very narrow valley at the outskirts of the settlements. The woods were very heavy all around; the ground rich, and the high weeds and pea-vines give any person who really knew the manner of Indian marching, the means of tracking where they had come in and went out. We first buried the dead, and while the others were so employed, Bonnet and myself undertook to search for the Indian trail, as the captain would listen to nothing less than pursuit. The trail was soon found in advance and retreat, and the place where the Indians had lain watching their poor victims. We were both as anxious for vengeance as it was possible for men to be; but we found, by the broken and withered weeds, that the enemy had been gone long enough to have crossed the Ohio.

"We've found the trail, Captain," says Bonnet, in his Pennsylvania broken English; "put the *Ingers* are far enuff—these fellers know wat dhere about."

This was throwing a candle into the whiskey bowl. The captain was determined before, and more determined now.

"Vell, vell," says Bonnet, "away, I left town on Veeling," and turning round with a twitch of his nose, cries, "Come, come, Mark, vee'll go before."

"Show me the trail, says the captain, in thunder, 'do you suppose I'd lead you into danger, and then skulk behind?' No! I'll march before."

"Could Braddock beat this think you?" says Lee, and then proceeded with his narrative.

"We fell back, of course, after showing the trail, Bonnet observing to me in a low voice "Mine got ve'd pe in a fine bickle if dhe lngens vere here." I made no reply, and all proceeded up the deep hollow about may be a mile, when our Commander in Chief, scrambling over a log, fell backwards under the feet of Bonnet, as the sharp crash of a rifle echoed through the woods. I was in all the battles with Morgan, in taking Bergoyne, but such a scream and such groans I never heard before or since.

"Bonnet who was at once our natural commander, and thought the captain mortally wounded, sprung himself behind a tree, calling out "Dhree poyes dhree und spreat out." As many as remained obeyed the order; and some indeed, got as near the ground, as the ground would let them. To do my warriors justice, none ran away, but several of the captain's men were never again heard of by me, except while tearing the pea-vines behind us. There we all lay in breathless expectation, peeping past our trees, as far as we dare, in order to watch our enemy, no sound was heard except the dying groans of the heroic captain, and the cracking through the thicket behind us of some of our men who broke through the pea-vines and bushes with astonishing speed.

Bonnet, who may be, began to suspect the truth, but with the true caution of a really brave and disciplined man, examined the pan of his rifle, loosened his knife and tomahawk in their scabbards, and in a commanding tone ordered us to keep our places, crouched on his hands and knees to the expiring commander, demanding, in a half whisper,

"Captain, vere aare you vounded?"

"Oh, in my side," replied the captain.

"I see no blood," replies Bonnet, reaching at the same time to the captain's rifle lying beside him. As soon as Bonnet had the rifle in his hand, he sprung to his feet with a most boisterous laugh, exclaiming, as soon as he could get breath—

"Here poyes, cume ant let us purry our captain; he ish not det, put he vill tie, for he is shot trough and trough mit his own rifle."*

*The reader may think this scene overwrought, but with a few imaginary incidents, not at all material to the story, I have now put it on paper, as I heard it related by Bonnet himself, in his own house in Wheeling, forty years since. It was related when many of the actors were living; and with that and the character of the old warrior himself, I had no doubt of its truth; but in the ensuing year I received the full confirmation of its truth. Captain Henry Jolly, one of Gen. Morgan's immortal rifle corps, was residing in the village, now flourishing town of Wheeling. Jolly was a man of excellent natural sense, and not devoid of that kind of education which is picked up along

We all crowded around them to see how matters stood. The captain, it appeared, in scam-

the lanes and commons of human life, and was also the companion and friend of Lewis Bonnet. Sitting together one day, when the course of conversation led me to repeat the incidents related to me by Bonnet, and now incorporated into this tale.

"Of the facts, I have no doubt," replied Jolly, for after I returned from the continental army, all caution was worse than neglected by our whites, because they confounded it with cowardice. It was only such men as Lewis Bonnet, Lewis, John, and Martin Wetzel, the Zanes, and a few others, and I may say myself, who then dared to oppose the Indian mode of warfare to themselves. Our young men would actually kindle a blazing fire, and lie down by it in the Indian country, and you see they are not yet cured of their madness."

The concluding remark of Jolly was pronounced with much bitterness, and alluded to the tragic event which led to our conversation. An event, which many of the old inhabitants about Wheeling, will very distinctly remember, should their eyes fall on this tale.

In the fall of 1794, thirteen years after the capture of Cornwallis, two men by the name of Scott, went over the Ohio, on a hunting expedition, taking with them, as a hireling, a man of the name of Thomas Mannery. The Scotts were fine looking men, and excellent riflemen; Mannery, a squat, and very ordinary person in appearance, only indeed fit for the woods; but low as was his stature, when in the woods he was fit for his business. The Scotts, unfortunately for themselves and families, despised poor Tom Mannery too much to take his advice.

After all that had happened under their eyes, these men fixed a camp, and at night made up blazing fires, setting their rifles against trees or other places, as it happened. Mannery, to whose mind all this was wrong, never quit his piece, even when eating or sleeping, nor sat in the open glare of their fire at night. So were the little party situated a few nights after their arrival in the woods. Mannery was seated where the light fell but faintly, but the two Scotts were fully exposed. A party of Indians advanced, and fired on them. One of the Scotts fell dead on the spot; his brother, wounded, ran a short distance, but was overtaken and murdered.

Mannery received a ball which broke his left arm just above the elbow, but having his weapon in his right hand, and observing the golden rule of war against Indians, reserved his fire. The rapid tact of Indians, who, in a moment, from the motions of their enemy, see whether that enemy is dangerous or not, taught them in this case not to rush upon Mannery with the tomahawk, and aided also by the dark, this wounded man made good his escape. Two of these blood seekers pursued him some distance, but as they pressed too close, Mannery took to tree. Several times, he said afterwards, he could have shot one, but such was his coolness, he reserved his fire and saved his life. I saw him in Wheeling often after his return, and heard him relate the adventure, while his broken arm was healing.

While on the subject of the closing of the Indian depredations in the vicinity of Wheeling, and as I may not again have as appropriate a place, I must introduce two circumstances more, to which I was in part an eye witness.

Mr. Alexander S. Withers, in his Chronicle of Border Warfare, published at Clarksburg, Harrison county, Virginia, 1831, after detailing the murders committed on a family of the name of Bozarth, on the Buchanan branch of Tygart's valley river, in the summer of 1795, sums up by saying

bling over the fallen tree, had cooked his piece, and slipping, fell backwards, and the rifle discharging in the fall, as he struck his side on a broken limb; the poor man in the confusion, actually thought he was shot, as he was indeed severely hurt in the fall. When all was explained, the situation of the captain was about such as that of Joe Timmons, a while ago, except that the poor captain was really badly bruised, and no Tory. You might say he was a coward, but I believe no such thing. He was only employed upon what he knew nothing about—and what more or less could be said of Braddock?—But to go on.

The captain, you may well suppose, felt as good as dead, when his danger was removed, and Bonnet did not spare him in his distress, observing:—

"Now my tear captain, I'll gife you one biece of advise, zust go home, and neever again go hooting Ingens until you laarn how."

How far the captain followed the advice, I know not, as I never heard of him since. He and those of his men who remained with him, now separated from Bonnet, and myself, and nine men. There we were in the woods, and after the departure of our warriors over the river

Bonnet asked me if I intended to return to Red-stone. I told him, I had orders to proceed, after I had performed my first duty, to Ryerson's Fort, which I was to assist to garrison until further orders. He then informed me, that he was himself to pass by that place on his way home, and would act as guide if necessary. This I very gladly accepted, and we set out. Late in the evening we reached the Fort, or stockaded Block-House, and next morning parted with our guide."

To all this none listened with perhaps such intense interest, as my mother, but Lee, fixing his eye on my father, observed, "I see by your looks that you think I am using a hunter's liberty; but wait a few moments, and you will hear worse, and all true, marvellous as it may be."

"Joe Timmons is only a worthless, cowardly scoundrel, but Simon Girty is an infernal villain, such a villain as can only be formed by a mixture of all that's bad in Indian and white. This monster is amongst the Indians, and as an example of how completely our people can be decoyed to destruction, by men they call savages, let me just relate the attack on Wheeling Fort, and the massacre above Grave Creek."

"Wheeling is not alone our outpost—it is the

"This was the last mischief done by the Indians in North-western Virginia."—*Chronicles, &c.* page 319.

In this, though I am not certain, I am inclined to think Mr. Withers mistaken. In the same year, the Indians fell upon a family whose name I cannot now recall, though I knew the man personally, who resided on the waters of Wheeling, and within one mile of the house of Lewis Bonnet. The mother, and I think two small children, were murdered; the man, though badly wounded, escaped, and was brought to Wheeling, and there cured of his wounds.

The last human blood, however, shed in war near Wheeling was that of an Indian, on the morning of March 21st, 1795, and as the circumstances illustrate, in a very striking manner, one of the objects of this tale, I shall introduce them into this note, with some detail.

The Indians had been defeated on the 20th of August, 1794, and all fears of them ever again appearing near Wheeling, in a hostile manner, had subsided. Early in March, 1795, a party was made up in Wheeling, to proceed to the Muskingum, on a land jobbing expedition. This party crossed the Ohio on the 20th, and proceeded to near where St. Clairsville now stands. Some of these men had been so long in the habit of regarding themselves in danger, when west of the Ohio, that they suggested some caution, and on the morning of the 21st, when ready to move, two men, whose names may as well as not be omitted; noted hunters they were, and acquainted with every part of the adjacent country, and now volunteered their services to advance ahead of the main body as a guard. This was accepted, and to the wonder of the party, a young man by the name of Denny, only a short time from Ireland, insisted on also being of the advanced guard. With some little mirth, at the latter circumstance, all moved forward.

Denny, kept in the rear of his more experienced companions, and was no little amused by one or other repeatedly raising his rifle and levelling it on some object, exclaiming, "if that was but an Indian." At length they came to a place on the trace where it wound very abruptly back upon its course round a very deep and thickly wooded hollow. Denny, who was in fact, the only one of the three who was really

attending to the duty they had to perform, espied through the intervening branches, three men, who, as the path curved, were walking in the same direction with himself and comrades, and must have met face to face at the loop of the road. Denny thought at once that they were Indians, and stepping up to the man next to him, and by a jerk brought him round, pointed out the enemy.

The Indians had not yet seen the whites, but the instant that the two heroes who so much desired to see Indians, were gratified, they thought a small part of the show would answer, actually turned and ran backwards at the top of their speed.

If all the Zanes, and all the Wetsels, had been training Denny from his cradle, he could not have behaved much better. It was only when the two white men turned to run, that the Indians espied them, and without following the road, they dashed across the ravine. It was not even known whether or not they saw Denny, who had "taken the tree," until they were rising the bank near him, where they tree'd also. With their unerring keenness of eye, the Indians saw by his movements, that Denny was not a practised warrior, determined to draw his fire. In this they succeeded, but with a consequence they did not probably expect. One discharged his piece, calculating what happened, that the white man would do so also. The Indian intentionally threw away his fire, but Denny did not, for the savage received a ball through his heart, and through the smoke of his own rifle. If he had been unsupported, such a proceeding would have cost Denny his life in all human probability. But the whole affair transpired in less time than I have been making the record, and as soon as the rifles were discharged in rapid succession, the main body, seventeen or eighteen in number, raised a shout and set forward. The two surviving Indians fled, and the party returned with his scalp and gun, as the spoils of a man, who like myself had never before seen such a trophy, and such a memento of what man may be.

I close this note, by stating, that though bred from an infant in the frontier, this was the only one of these disgusting memorials of victory I ever actually beheld.

outpost of white inhabitants on the continent of North America. This Fort, if it can be called one, was established by authority of Government, in 1769, by the Zane family, Ebenezer, Andrew, Silas, and Jonathan, and in fourteen years has become the defensive point of a settlement extremely flourishing, if we allow for its position. It is the most important post on the Ohio, from Fort Pitt, downwards, and yet, four years ago, when we were busy catching Burgoyne, Wheeling, though in name a garrison under the Government, had not in it, or nearer than Fort Pitt, a single regular soldier. The only true guard of the country was, and is, our Scouts.* These men are too few in number, however, and generally, too young to have much influence beyond their individual exertions. In the spring, and early in the summer of 1777, four years since, our scouts reported Indian signs, and as no very remarkable outrages had been committed, suspected the warriors who made the marks to be spies, examining the state of the country. Information was sent in at the same time, from friendly Indians, of the Moravian towns, that preparations were making at Detroit, and in the towns of the hostile Indians, to organize a force which was, no doubt, intended to invade the Ohio settlements. Having no regular troops, the inhabitants were left to their own resources, and all was activity. The Fort at

* Scouts, or spies, as they were indifferently called, were men employed to scout the woods, and watch the approach of Indians. They were generally young, active and sober men, and in the then condition of the West, were of the most pre-eminent service to the settlements. It may be here remarked, as an instance how quickly and surely men accommodate themselves to their situation. They were remarkable in their ordinary intercourse with society, for taciturnity and watchfulness. Of the two most eminent Scouts in North Western Virginia, this could be said emphatically. Lewis Wetzel, and Jonathan Zane, were almost as careful of their words as of their ammunition. These men are gone to rest, and most of their gallant, brave, and generous companions sleep with them, and their usefulness is rapidly fading from memory, but no language can now convey an idea of the estimation in which they were held upwards of twenty years, from Dunmore's campaign in 1774, to the treaty of Greenville, 1793.

It is because I personally knew many of these hunter-warriors, and because the general character of the caste to which they belonged, was long exposed before me, that I have no patience, nor pretend to patience, when I read the trash that is yet issuing from the press as descriptive of their manners, and language—the latter in particular. I was in the country in the fourteenth year after its original settlement by Whites—Red Stone Fort, where the scene of "Mark Lee's Narrative," was laid on the basis of fact, was established in 1767, and Wheeling two years afterwards. The language, habits, manners and customs of the western people, if to any very sensible extent, were found different from the same characteristics east of the Mountains, the contrast was far indeed from being to the disadvantage of the West. Amongst the circumstances of my existence, the most felicitous to myself, is, that after half a century is past, I live to give my feeble, but sincere testimony to a body of people whose intrinsic worth is not hearsay, but experience; and shall be remembered until I follow to their home.

Wheeling was put into a state of defence; and the scouts became more than usually active. By some means, the Indians and their allies were made acquainted with the fact, that the whites on the Ohio were on their guard, and the invasion was delayed.

As week after week passed, and no invading force appeared, the whites gradually relaxed their vigilance, attended to their crops and other business, and finally relapsed into careless security.

"From this security, the people were awakened late in August. The dreadful news reached Wheeling, that an army composed chiefly of Indians, of the Northern confederacy, but commanded by Simon Girty, had reached the Moravian towns on the Muskingum. General Hand, who then commanded Fort Pitt, and was the superior military officer in the country, was made acquainted with the state of things in the Indian country.

"The intermediate country was supplied with Block-Houses, but the only village below Fort Pitt, was at Wheeling. Eight years before, a forest untouched. That place in the summer of 1777, had already a town of thirty houses. Fine farms had been opened, and stock of horses, cows, and hogs, increased beyond belief. In fact, a wealthy little colony had risen on Wheeling Creek. Lulled into forgetfulness of the necessity of more watchfulness and preparation, though so recently advised of their danger, these people were at last taken by surprise.

"Ebenezer Zane, though a regular officer, and himself and brothers, as wary as men could be, they had no legal authority over the people. The erection of a defensive enclosure for their stock, had been urged, but neglected; and on the first morning of September, Wheeling, and all around it had the appearance of peace and safety. The approaching Indians, conducted their march with consummate skill, avoiding the usual routes of approach. Captain Ogal with twelve men, had been engaged several days, in scouting through the woods to guard against the approach of danger, returned to Wheeling on the evening of the first of September, reporting that no enemy was near, and yet, in that very night the invading Indians, (near four hundred strong) approached, and made their dispositions within a very little more than rifle shot of the fort. The lights seen in the fort, occasioned in part by the arrival of Captain Ogal and his party, induced the Indians to suppose the very reverse of what was true, that the people were on their guard. This mistake caused the enemy to delay the attack, and change their dispositions; this saved the whole body of inhabitants from destruction. I have said, that the Indians in their own way, are the most disciplined of men; but I may here observe, that like all other men, it is only in their own manner of fighting that they are so well disciplined. Against the most feeble fort, a block-house, or even a well defended common house, they are in fact a contemptible enemy. On the contrary, however, it is real matter of astonishment; the skill with which these men of the woods, draw the whites into positions, to give themselves the full advantage of their forest mode of warfare.

"Wheeling creek, in its windings, meets the base of a hill about one mile above its mouth. Inflected by this hill, the creek winds to the southward nearly parallel to the Ohio, and curving again, is lost in that river, having a tongue of land between the two streams. The bottom next the Ohio, on which the fort and village stands is rather high, but narrow, and is followed by the hills, here very steep. Most of the hill was in wood when the Indians came before the fort, but there were some naked spots in full view from the fort and village. The Indians were formed in two lines, extending from the river below the fort, across the bottom, and around the southern extremity of the hill. In the front line a considerable interval was left on both sides of a road leading into some of the cleared bottom, and along the lower margin of one of the cleared spots on the hill side. So silently and skillfully were all their arrangements made, that in complete security the people saw day breaking over the high hill to the east.

"The most sufficient man in the fort, was certainly Ebenezer Zane, and under him were ranged the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood; but the militia drawn from the settlements more eastward, who were then in the fort at Wheeling, were about equally divided between Captains Mason and Ogal, and did not amount to thirty men.

"Samuel Mason, an ignorant man, now living in the very neighbourhood to which you are moving, and except being rashly brave, and a good rifleman, is utterly unfit for any command. Pretty near the same may be said of Captain Ogal. Very early in the morning, two men left the fort, and passed the first line of Indians in search of horses. Six Indians had been stationed in the centre, who as the two white men advanced, shot one down, and suffered the other to escape; and then showing themselves openly, taunted the garrison, holding up the bloody scalp. The Zanes, and every other person in the fort, who had any knowledge of the Indian character, pronounced at once, that the six warriors were a decoy; but Mason became outrageous, and insisted on marching out, which he did in defiance of all advice, calling those cowards who refused. The worst of such conduct, is the dreadful alternative which it presents to brave men. There is little doubt, but that the most of Mason's men knew they were rushing to destruction, yet twelve followed him to the fatal field. The six warriors provoked the party on past the first line, were enveloped, and Mason himself wounded in two places, was the only one of the whole thirteen who escaped instant death. *

* Well would it have been for Capt. Samuel Mason, if he had fallen with his gallant companions on the field at Wheeling. After the end of the war of the revolution, he removed with his family to the southward, and when advanced beyond middle age, about 1800 to 1805, became the leader of a band of highway robbers, between Natchez and Tennessee. Though I believe neither Mason, or any of his band, ever imbrued their hands in human blood, they were a very severe evil to the country on both sides of their wilderness haunts.

About 1802, one of Mason's sons was brought to Natchez, under a charge of robbery, tried, convicted,

and punished by whipping. This poor man, it appeared afterwards, was not only innocent of the offence with which he was charged, but that he was opposed at heart to his father's conduct, and was convicted merely from the natural connection. One of the jury, whose name I omit, made himself very conspicuous on the trial of John Mason, wishing before the whole court and audience, that "*the rascal might be hung.*"

By some means, Samuel Mason received a report of this speech, with additions, no doubt, but the affair passed at the moment. Some months afterwards, the jurymen was returning to Natchez, from a journey he had made to the upper part of the then white settlements, and alone on horseback, bending his way along a mere bridle path, through a very heavy brake of cane. This enormous grass presents in such places a wall impenetrable to the eye to any distance beyond a few feet. On this lonely path, suddenly issued from the cane, and before the rider, a man armed with tomahawk, scalping knife, and shining rifle. Mason at any time of his life, or in any situation, had something extremely ferocious in his look, which arose particularly from a tooth which projected forward, and could only be covered with his lips by effort. This, with the thousand and one tales afloat at the time respecting "*Mason the robber,*" and the conduct of the man towards his son, all combined to render his presence unspeakably frightful.

Stepping into the path and presenting his rifle, the horseman stopped, and the two stood eyeing each other a few moments.

"Your name is ——— I presume," said the footman.

"That is my name," replied the horseman.

"And mine is Samuel Mason," rejoined the footman, knitting his brows and clenching his teeth—"two days have I waited your coming, to blow your brains out."

"Oh! Mr. Mason I have a wife and children."

"Children," replied Mason, in a voice which pierced the very heart of the trembling horseman—"children, and d—n you, do you think I don't love my children as much as you can yours. You thirsted for the blood of my son;—did ever John Mason do you any harm?"

"Never."

"Did I myself ever do you any injury?"

"None whatever."

"Did you ever hear of me committing murder, or suffering murder to be committed?"

"I have not, Mr. Mason."

"Thank God," asserted Mason, with great earnestness, "I have never shed blood—but now—come down Sir. If you have any thing to say to your Maker say it,—I give you five minutes."

The terrified man sunk off the horse, and fell on his knees, uttering a fervent prayer, addressed rather to the man, who stood beside him with his gun cocked. At length his words failed him, and he burst into a violent shower of tears.

The man himself, who afterwards related the whole circumstance, and could scarce ever do so without tears at the remembrance, said, he every moment expected death; but Mason regarding him with a bitter smile, swore his life was not worth taking, wheeled round, and in an instant disappeared amongst the cane.

Recently, a tale has went the rounds, of the public papers, in which it was stated, that Mason was finally executed. 'This to my certain knowledge, was untrue. Sometime, I think in the latter end of 1803, or early in 1804, Charles C. Claiborne, then governor of the Mississippi territory, offered by proclamation, a reward of *five hundred dollars*, for the head of Samuel Mason, dead or alive. This was done in order to

"The situation of the whites was now terrible; the people of the village flying, with scarce their common clothing, to the fort; the screams of Mason's men, who were hacked to pieces with the tomahawk, and the still more piercing cries of the women and children, who every moment expected the appearance of their enemy in the village. In the midst of this fearful tumult, Captain Ogil led his men into exactly a similar snare, which had drawn Mason's party to destruction. Ogil advanced with twelve scouts, across the narrow plain, between the fort and hill; the men were in front of their commander, and were suffered to pass the outer line of Indians, and when fired on, the Captain being still on the outside of the enemy's line, threw himself into a thicket, where he remained until next day, and finally regained the fort. Out of twenty-six men thus stupidly exposed by these two officers, three only escaped, and one only un-
wounded.

The only benefit obtained by such waste of blood, was to admit the escape of many of the inhabitants into the fort; a result, which would have been much more securely obtained, by the two parties of militia uniting, and by adopting their own mode, and the Indians, and covered the retreat of the inhabitants.

Incredible as it may appear, the events I have been relating happened in little more time than I have employed in giving the relation. The gates of the fort had scarcely been closed, when the comparatively overwhelming army of Indians issued forth, headed by that worst of villains, Simon Girty, who summoned the fort to surrender, in the name of the king of Great Britain, and under the terms offered in Governor Hamilton's proclamation—pledging protection in case of submission, and instant destruction in case of resistance. To meet this terrible alternative, Col. Ebenezer Zane had thirty-three men, in a feeble fort, crowded with women and children,

destroy their mutual confidence, and had the effect on Mason's band, as his head was actually brought to Natchez, in the spring of 1803, or 1804, I cannot distinctly remember in which year, by two men, of the names of Sutton, and May. Never did a more striking instance of retributive justice occur. Mason was shot by one of these villains, expecting the reward. The Governor, it is probable, would have cheerfully paid the sum, to any citizen, who had abated such a nuisance, and proved the head; but never intended to screen any of the gang from justice, for such a service; refused the demand of Sutton, and May, unless full proof was given, that the head offered, was really that of Samuel Mason, the robber.

While these wretches were altercation about their claim, Col. ——— Winter, of Kentucky, or Arkansas, who had been robbed on the Mississippi river, sometime before, by the very same Sutton, and May, arrived at Natchez. This active and determined man had warrants issued, and they learning their danger, fled from Natchez, but were taken in Jefferson county, Mississippi, and confined in Greenville jail; and in due time, tried, convicted, and executed.

These were the leading facts, which broke up a nefarious band, and such was the real termination of the life of Mason, whose rashness, occasioned the Wheeling massacre. When Mason fell, and his destroyers met a due reward, I was myself residing near Natchez.

whose terrors influenced them to plead for surrender. In this moment of horror, a saviour appeared in the form of a young woman, a Pennsylvania German—Betsy Wheat, who answered Girty in no measured or flattering terms, shamed such of the men who appeared disposed to yield, and encouraged the women, by telling them that their own lives, and that of their children depended on their arms.

Thus supported Col. Zane pronounced defiance, and the assault commenced, and continued until nearly the same hour the next day, when Girty, and the other savages finding they made no impression on the fort, and dreading the reinforcement which would of course march to the relief of the place, gave up the enterprise; but before commencing their retreat, left not a living animal of the stock of the inhabitants which they could find, or a cabin unconsumed. Upwards of three hundred head of horses, cows, and hogs were shot down, and their dead bodies left to taint the air. And mingled with the carcasses of their domestic animals, lay the corpses of twenty-three men, imprudently, but generously sacrificed in their defence.

Such a lesson any one would suppose, would have been effectual for some time at least—but bear a little more. The dead slain at Wheeling were scarce cold in their graves, when a Capt. Foreman, with a company of militia, arrived from beyond the mountains, to take station at Wheeling, and protect the people. Indian signs were often seen, and the spies were frequently making reports of lurking war parties; and to watch these parties, was the peculiar duty of the spies.

On the 26th of September, Capt. Foreman led forty-five men down the Ohio, to Grave Creek, and was on his return, when about three miles above Grave Creek station, he encamped for the night. Unpractised in Indian warfare, and as obstinately bent on taking no advice from those who were, as even Braddock could be—Foreman suffered his men to kindle large fires, and lie down by them, as if provoking danger, and enabling the Indians to approach and examine his number and force in safety. A young man of the name of Lynn, had accompanied Foreman with three or four more settlers as spies. The kindling fires in the night was so utterly contrary to Lynn's notions of propriety, that he remonstrated—but finding his caution neglected, retired to some distance with his own men, and thus spent the night.

The dawn found Lynn and his little party on the watch, and even before day Lynn and his men felt convinced they heard the breaking of sticks by men walking slowly, and also the splashing of water in the Ohio, made by men pushing canoes.

These signs were made known to, and scouted by Foreman, who, with his men recommenced their march towards Wheeling, and soon reached the lower end of the Narrows; and again ventured to suggest the great impropriety of continuing through the pass, and advised following the hill top, as they would there see all around them: Captain Foreman replied by some insulting language. The vigilant spy preserved his temper, and observed:—

"Captain Foreman, if there is an Indian on this side of the Ohio, and that there is a large party, I am sure, they are now at the head of the Narrows, and my advice is to keep the ridge and avoid the bottoms."

"This was responded to, by the term "Coward."

"Lynn stood a moment, and then replied "You and your men may do as you please, but we, addressing his own companions, will keep the ridge; and thus the two parties separated, and set out on their march in return to Wheeling. The intention of Lynn at first was to ascend the hill to its summit, but his generous feelings prevailed, as he felt convinced, that Foreman and his men would be attacked at the head of the Narrows, and if so far off as the hill top, he could give no aid. The five men then turned along the hill side, as near the other body as he thought prudent.

"Immediately at the head of the Narrows, there is a hollow of the bottom, a kind of basin or sink, near the margin of which the path winds. As Foreman and his men reached this fatal spot, one of them picked up some Indian ornaments found lying on the path, and all halted to examine the object, closing upon one another, and while in that position received a volley, every ball of which pierced a man—and then a second, and it is almost certain that every man would have met instant death, had it not been for Lynn and his four companions. The moment the Indians opened the fire, Lynn and his men in place of flying, which they could have done in safety, raised a shout as loud as in their power, separating from each other to a considerable distance, and discharging their guns. This brave and gallant conduct alarmed the Indians, who now thought themselves exposed to a large reinforcement, retreated at their utmost speed. But Captain Foreman with two of his sons, with eighteen more men, found a grave in the very hollow place where their crafty enemy lay concealed. It was the opinion of the spies, and of Ebenezer Zane, on examining the ground and Indian signs, that the whole number of Indians did not exceed, if it equalled, that of the alain."

Here the veteran Ranger paused an instant; grasping his rifle, as if in the act of rising, but as if struck with an after thought, slanted his piece between his knees, resting the barrel on his left shoulder, and casting his keen grey eyes on my parents, continued "Pass you river, and you are in a country of bold action, and where thoughts rest not on trifles. The woods and the Indians are your enemies; brace your mind to set both at defiance; your hands are your friends. The picture I have placed before you, is the worst view. How strongly are even the faults of some, and crimes of others, met by the opposite characters in the progress of these new settlements. To Braddock, have we not to oppose George Washington, and on a more confined scale, and in events of lesser importance; if we have a white Girty with the Indians, we have also with them Isaac Zane. Have I not, indeed, in every instance I have mentioned shown you the extremes of rashness, and cool deliberate caution. These things faintly described by me, a man of the woods from youth, will become stronger in

your eyes every mile you tread towards Ohio. Farewell."

A mountain seemed to be removed from the breasts of both my parents, and in a few days afterwards, the Rubicon of that day, the Monongahela, was passed by us all; and in those regions were spent the early and middle life of

MARK BANCROFT.

From the Augusta, (Geo.) Sentinel.

The enclosed lines are interesting, not only from their poetical merit, and the fine tone of feeling they exhibit, but as a tribute to American female excellence, from the pen of a foreigner.

R.

VERSES

Written on reading Miss WIRT's letter descriptive of the last moments of her father.

The bird that sung thy sire's funeral lay,
Hath never hymn'd such lofty strains as thine!
The sun which did, upon that mournful day,
Bless with his light thy dying parent's shrine,
Appeared less lovely in the house of death
Than thou, fair lady! blessing with still breath
The heaven-summoned soul, who, made divine
By the rich mercy of his Saviour's grace,
Was soon to meet his Master, face to face.

Lady! I would each parent of your land
Did own a daughter of as fair a mind
As thine must be; then would affection's hand
Support declining years, and old age find
Not only sustenance from children's wealth,
But a far nobler boon; a holy health
Blessing their spirits;—as a genial wind
Is to the dying flowers of the spring
A valued treasure past imagining,

Is it not beautiful, when manhood's prime
Fades into Age, to see a gentle girl
Guarding the feelings of her childhood's time,
"Nature's inheritance," from the rude whirl,
The spirit-killing whirl of Folly's sea?
Whose scarcely noticed waves continually
Make shipwreck of our hopes, and then unfurl
Over the regions of the happy past
Destruction's banner to life's very last.

Long be thy womanhood's blotless page
Writ in the Book of Life, where we may trace
Much that is lovely; till a green old age,
Silently changing every youthful grace
Into its heavenly nature, you ascend
Unto your father's kingdom; and each friend
Known, loved, and valued on this earthly stage,
Shall joy, their sister in an honored grave
Hath passed Affliction's troubled bitter wave.

Thou wilt not know Affliction. 'Tis for thee
The shadow of a shade. Its bitter tear
May dim the brightness of thine eyes, and be
Its mirror on thy hectic'd cheeks;—its fear
(Mail'd in such holy armor as thou art)
Can never pass the threshold of thy heart.
And strives in vain to gain admittance there,
The spirit of Affliction is its fear;
Bereft of them, it perishes in tears.

E. G.

MAXIM.—Nothing is more essential to happiness than the regulation of our passions, and keeping them under the dominion of reason.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in every thing, and part with nothing.—South.

The Drop Scene.

BY THE REV. HOWART CAUNTER.

I had at all times a restless propensity for practical jokes, but I have lived long enough to find that, "like young chickens, they always come home to roost." Experience is a stern disciplinarian; she is, nevertheless, the nurse of wisdom, and but for her sage lessons, how often should I have disgraced my grey hairs by frolics which were once dear to my heart, and which I have only relinquished because I so frequently found that they left either a sting or a bitter behind.

Propensities and antipathies are merely converse qualities of our moral nature, both equally difficult to subdue. It is perhaps impossible to struggle against either with any certainty of success, until the actual cautery of experience has been long enough applied to deaden the one, or correct the other. My propensities in early life were always active. There was a natural vehemence in my moral temperament, which I found it scarcely possible to control; and both in mind and body I felt a restless impatience for action, which was perpetually involving me in some difficulty or danger. Nothing could exceed the delight which I took in the execution of a practical joke; and to praise my dexterity in an acquirement so perfectly unexclusive, was at once to open the nearest passage to my heart. With me this propensity was an absolute monomania. I was however cured of my fits of agreeable delirium, without being subjected to the discipline of a shorn crown or a strait waistcoat. I have made up my mind, as a penance for past folly, to record my own shame, by telling how I was cured of my volatile propensities.

I was born in a village in Staffordshire, in the vicinity of numerous coal-pits, into which I had descended with that eager thirst of curiosity so prevalent in young and ardent minds. To me the scene was new and inspiring; and when I gazed upon the wonders beneath the earth, I derived from them a greater zest in contemplating the wonders above it. I took infinite delight in listening to the superstitious legends of "goblins damned," so readily and gravely related by the old pit men; and these subterranean tenements were the frequent resort of my holiday hours. As I was of an active and buoyant temperament, excitement with me was the one thing needful, the ne plus ultra of moral enjoyment; and that particular excitement occasioned by the plan and execution of a practical jest, was above all things what I most dearly loved. This was in truth but a childish predilection; nevertheless, it grew up with the man; so that though in my adolescent year I could truly say, that "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child," yet I could not predicate of myself that "when I became a man I put away childish things." Matrimony it was thought would sober my restless and mercurial habits, and I was accordingly, soon drawn within the circumscribed boundaries of a domestic circle. I was still, however, for a joke, in spite of connubial bliss; and my wife, who was as good humored and affectionate as she was beautiful, only laughed at my hallucinations, and persuaded her

friends to do the like, which gave a stimulus to my habits, and this increased momentum soon brought them to a climax.

On the eve of some great day, as I well remember—the annual fair of a neighboring town, or something as eventful—the workmen of a large pit near my rustic dwelling had obtained leave to work during the night, in order that they might be free to enjoy the fun of the fair next day. I accordingly determined to descend into the pit at the "witching time of night," in the character of a goblin, and terrify these dark rustics, in order to quicken their relish for the day's pleasures. I prepared the necessary disguise, and tied it up in a dark bandanna, and having arranged with a friend to assist in my descent into the valley of black diamonds, waited that much dreaded hour.

"When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead,"

with most restless impatience. I almost counted the moments; but time, as if to mock my anxiety, seemed to have folded his wings, and

"Like a wounded snake, drag his slow length along,"

Anxiety is never comotase; I had therefore no desire to sleep, for the fever of anticipation had got so strong a hold upon me, that my pulse outran the tickling of the clock by at least sixty in a minute. The hand of the dial, to my very great joy, at length pointed to three quarters past eleven, when I sallied forth, and my friend at the mouth of the pit, awaiting my arrival. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The heavens were starred and cloudless. In spite of my sinister project, I could not be insensible to the loveliness of the scene around me. The blue vault of heaven was studded with innumerable stars, sparkling with light and life, radiant in celestial beauty, and recording in a language mute indeed, but universally intelligible, the omnipotence of Him who hung their glories in the firmament, as the paragons of his creation. Where can we so legibly read the power and wisdom of the GODHEAD, as in the language of the skies, when night is hanging out her lamps on the wide battlements of heaven, and its azure plains stream with the effulgence of their glories? There is a vital loveliness in the clear, calm, moonlight, which at once lifts the soul to the God of its existence, and makes it exult in the consciousness that it is a part of that mighty scheme of motion and intelligence, by which it is surrounded, and in which it is absorbed. The beauty of the scene still lingers upon my memory; nor was I so entirely engrossed by the anticipations of a droll adventure, as to have abandoned all relish for beauties which have never failed to kindle in my bosom the most impressive emotions of wonder and admiration.

The mouth of the pit was encircled by a rude rail. The mode of descent was by a rope fastened to a windless; at the end of which was a piece of strong chain, terminated by a cross bar of iron. As I had been accustomed in my boyish days to descend into these dark and dismal excavations by a similar mode of conveyance, I had no fears upon the present occasion in repeating the freak. My friend placed himself at the windless in order to regulate my pro-

grass, and having first dropped my bundle into the pit, I fixed my feet firmly on the bar at the end of the chain, and commenced my somewhat perilous descent. The harsh creaking of the crazy machine, as the tightened rope gradually uncoiled from the wooden cylinder round which it was rolled, seemed amidst the silence of midnight, like the muttering of unquiet spirits.

"Doom'd for a stated time to walk by night,"
when

"Upon a corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporouse drop profound;"
and a tremor of something like dread came over me when light was entirely excluded from my view, and the very "blackness of darkness" fearfully closed in around me. My progress appeared to be extremely rapid, so much so, that I felt a sudden faintness steal upon me, but this soon passed; yet when I considered that my safety depended upon the strength of a rope scarcely more than an inch in diameter, I confess I felt for a moment that my life was held upon a very uncertain tenure, and the throbbings of my heart became almost painfully accelerated. It was by this time so dark that I could not distinguish the sides of the shaft, while the small fragments of earth which occasionally fell as they were disturbed by my progress, sounded in my ears with a loud and terrifying indistinctness, like the multiplied re-percussion of echoes amid the vaults of a cemetery.

I had not been long on the rope when, to my great surprise, I found my progress suddenly arrested. I waited for a few moments with much impatience, under the idea that some impediment had arisen in the machine above, but finding, after a lapse of several minutes, that the rope, on which I was balanced still continued stationary, I concluded that I had reached the bottom of the shaft, and prepared to quit the chain. I forebore calling to my friend above, lest I should alarm the pitmen, and thus at once expose myself to their coarse raillery, and mar my own diversion. I now became keenly sensible that I had done a very foolish thing in venturing by night into a pit which I had not examined by day, and some very unpleasant apprehensions began to steal over me; however, summoning my resolution, and persuading myself that I must be within a yard at most of terra firma, I slid down the chain until my hands grasped the cross bar, when, to my utmost consternation and horror, my feet rested upon nothing and I found myself swinging with the most fearful oscillation in the "empty air." I stretched myself to my utmost length, but in vain. I still swung, and there appeared to be a supernatural power in the dark void around me, dragging me down into the gulf beneath;—the whole mass of my blood seemed as it were to circulate only downward, and I became, for the first time, most painfully sensible of my own gravitation. That mysterious principle, by which all material objects are attracted to one common centre, appeared to be increased a thousand fold, and I already fancied that I saw my brains whitening the black pavement below. My blood curdled. I strove to regain my former position on the chain but found myself unable to raise my body to a

sufficient elevation enable me to grasp it above the bar from which I was suspended. My arms were stretched to their utmost tension, and I felt all the pangs of luxation. My sensations were appalling. It seemed as if an enormous weight were attached to my extremities, and the most fearful noises met my ears, as though the dismal ministers of doom were exulting in the near possession of their victim. It was clear that I could not long maintain my hold. I shuddered; my temples were bedewed with drops of bitter agony. My eyes, stretched open to their utmost extent, could still distinguish nothing in the pitchy void around me. My tongue was parched with the violence of my exertions. How did I curse my folly in having wantonly brought myself into such jeopardy! What a situation! To hang between time and eternity, about to drop from one into the other, and to quit reality for uncertainty; to be suspended over a dark and horrible pit, were no eye could behold my sufferings but His to whom "darkness and light are both alike;" about to perish, without one expression of consolation, or of sympathy from her who was the depository of my tenderest affections, though I had so often laughed at her gentle rebukes whenever she attempted to check the exuberance of my wayward will. Reflections rushed like a whirlwind through my brain; though the period of my involuntary suspension had been but a few minutes, as many painful thoughts crowded into my mind, as under ordinary circumstances would have filled up the melancholy void of years. I remembered my child and groaned—"Thou wilt soon be fatherless, my boy, and thy father!"—Oh God! What a reflection. Tears, scalding and bitter, streamed down my heated cheeks, but I had no hand to dash them off, for although I felt destruction to be near, I still clung to life with that instinctive energy which is common alike to the coward and the brave, in the hour of extremity. I thought for the first time, upon my iniquities, and felt that I had a fearful reckoning to make with Him before whom I was about to appear, but for which I was altogether unprepared. How should I meet that omnipresent which had read my inmost thoughts, and therefore knew, but too well, that I had rather been a worshiper of the idols of this world, than of Him who "founded it upon the seas, and prepared it upon the floods." A pang pierced through my bosom as my mind confusedly reverted to my spiritual insecurity. The possibility of what my futurity might be, flashed like a stream of lightning through my brain. I shouted to my friend above—in vain. He heard me not. Feeling my strength fast deserting me, I concentrated all my energies in one resolved effort, and lifting myself above the bar made a plunge at the chain. The endeavor was unavailing; I missed my hold, and from the violence of the exertion, was swung round and round with a velocity that almost deprived me of consciousness. I now hung by one hand over the dark abyss. I felt that I had but a few moments between life and death. My brain reeled; I put up a short prayer to heaven, and scarcely conscious of the action, unclasped the bar, and dropped into the terrible abyss. I was all but insensible when I fell, yet a something of

consciousness remained to me and it appeared to my fading fancy that I was some time whirling in the air before I met the earth. My senses now utterly deserted me. When I recovered them, I found myself supported on the smutty knee of a pitman, who was chafing my temples with fingers that had not known the wholesome application of water since their hebdomadal abolition just five days before. I gazed around me with an expression of stupefied amazement. I looked up, and saw the awful chain swinging scarcely a yard above my head; and upon putting myself in the position I had just so fearfully quitted I discovered to my inexpressible surprise and mortification, that from the distance between my toe and the ground, when my body was at its utmost stretch—I had fallen from the prodigious height of two inches!!

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

BY WHITTIER.

Storm on the midnight waters!—The vast sky
Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud
Reels heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shook by some warning spirit from the high
And terrible wall of heaven. The mighty wave
Tosses beneath its shadow like the bold
Upheavals of a giant from the grave,
Which bound him prematurely to its cold
And desolate bosom. Lo—they mingle now—
Tempest and heaving wave, along whose brow
Trembles the lightning from its thick cloud fold!

And it is very terrible!—The roar
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,
Like the response of demons, from the black
Rims of the hanging tempest—yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark!—the cry
Of strong man in peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky;
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,
On the tall billows, with the thunder cloud
Closing around, above her, like a shroud!

He stood upon the reeling deck—his form
Made visible by the lightning, and his brow,
Uncovered to the visiting of the storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know—
Power undervied and mighty—"PEACE—BE STILL!"
The great waves heard him and the storm's loud tone
Went mourning into silence at his will
And the thick cloud, where yet the lightning shone,
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away,
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing upon the pinions of the wind,
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—
To whom the waves do homage, round the shore
Of many an Island empire!—if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye, may claim
Thy infinite regard—oh—breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet, and peace, and hushness, which came
O'er the roused waters, where thy voice had gone,
A minister of power—to conquer in thy name!

ORNAMENT.—A man whose great qualities
want the ornament of exterior attractions, is like
a naked mountain with mines of gold, which
will be frequented only till the treasure is ex-
hausted.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Love and Prudence.

"Oh! Love's an unco glamour light,
Flitting an' fause to lead astray;
But Prudence shines sae clear and bright,—
A beacon to the safest way!"

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

It was an important night to the bright-eyed belles of Washington. The elegant Mrs. Secretary R——, by way of varying the eternal routine of drawing-rooms (properly *soirées*) at the Executive Mansion, and dull conversation parties—or (we beg pardon of our polite readers) *conversaciones* elsewhere,—had projected a concert at her own house; not, like those got up abroad, a regular musical entertainment, where some professional *lion* was to thrill forth, no less for the profit of his patroness than for his own—but an *amateur* concert, at which several young ladies *très distinguées*, had volunteered themselves for performers. As the appointed hour of seven approached, many a fair bosom among the uninvited swelled with chagrin and envy, for this was to be a very exclusive affair; while those, fortunate enough to boast of a card, made themselves ready in a flutter of joyful pride and expectation. Our present business lays with two of this last number. One of these rather *petite* in stature, but of an easy shape, moved slowly about her chamber, in the principal hotel of the Metropolis—or stood before the dressing-glass on her toilette table, giving the finishing touches to her *coiffure*. If the figure of this "nymph intent" was deficient in the height and dignity necessary to constitute a grace, it was in recompense surmounted by a head worthy to serve as a model of symmetrical beauty. The set of features reflected in the mirror before her, were cast in the finest mould of the Grecian line with a pair of hazel eyes, large, languidly lustrous, and rolling with that sleepy glance said to "speak a melting soul;" her tresses, not luxuriant, but of a rich glossy auburn, where braided back from her low white brow, and bound up by a single string of pearls, crowned her head with a cluster of careless curls, which falling and gleaming with every turn of her neck, shone like the plumes of the golden bird of Paradise. This classic style of adjustment, which would have impressed most countenances with an air of sternness, harmonized finely with a face, resembling in sweetness and pale placidity of outline, that of a marble statue. But this immobile and faultless beauty was less happy in the rest of her person, which if not positively awkward and misshapen, was distorted by attempts at majesty and attitudinizing. Her dress was a petticoat of white satin, as short and as full as those of a Dutch peasant-girl, or second-rate Parisian *élégante*, which, drawn down at the shoulders and in front of the *corseage à la Roxelaine*, by loops of pearl, exhibited so much of a bosom and scapula not quite perfect in their proportions, as clearly proved the heedless owner to have merged her modesty in a blind compliance with the most impolitic of fashion's whims. From beneath the silver fringe that edged the voluminous folds of the skirt, a slender ankle and foot fully displayed

themselves, (for, now-a-days women of the world scorn the affectation of letting such commodities peep forth by stealth,) arrayed in an open web of flesh-coloured silk, and shod in a sandal à la Grecque, laced with silver cords. As the fair damsel drew on her glove of French kid, gaily worked on the back in floss silks, with a smile of triumph occasioned partly by the certainty that not another belle would "sport" a pair costing five dollars, and partly by a consciousness of her surpassing appearance,—a lady, over-roused and over-dressed in all the tinsel of false taste,—who middle-aged according to our rude notions, showed by her *minauderies*, that, in this particular, the reckoning of her own vanity coincided with the statutes of Viennese gallantry,—burst into the room, panting for breath, as she waddled along under the weight of super-abundant flesh and finery, and crying out in a shrill treble, the very antipodes of *sotto voce* tones of *ton*—" Bless my soul! Eliza, love, are you goin' to keep us waitin' all night? Dear! now you do look nice and snruce, love, all in silver and white sating! I guess Mrs. Tilley done her best in that dress—and I know somebody'll be down in the mouth when they see ye. But make haste, love,—that's a dear! 'Tis nigh upon eight o'clock," looking at a superbly chased watch as she spoke; "the concert'll be half over before we get there; that don't make much odds, to be sure; but Mr. Webster's gone!!! only hear that!! just this minute gone! and now we're finely dished about goin' in along side of him, as if all come together. Come along, Eliza, I say; for the third and last time. Mercy on us! if she han't left her fan, and her six dollar cambric pocket hankerchief." "Give me the 'kerchief, if you please, ma'am," responded the soft voice of the languid daughter, "and the bunch of artificial flowers to take on my hand. I don't want the fan; statues never carry them—and you know"—Here they found themselves in the passage—and the lovely speaker was cut short in her dissertation on *antique costumes*, by a general rush of the gentlemen out of the dining-room, sacred to the Congress mess, all eager to hand the not merely admired, but the rich Miss Bassett, to the well appointed equipage of her father, one of the wealthiest and most prominent members of the House. Leaving her to be whirled onward to the place of rendezvous, we turn to a personage less conspicuous in the *beau-monde*, but not less essential to the progress of our tale.

In a large parlour, respectably but plainly furnished with the massive relics of ancient grandeur, sat in a huge arm chair with a high backed ebony frame, and cushion heavily embroidered, a lady, whose matronly majesty of mien and dress, "costly, not fine," were those of other and grander days. The remains of a great beauty, and the simplicity and stateliness of a manner consistent with herage which was past the prime of life, rendered her an object as truly noble and interesting, as her pedigree was, for this country, illustrious. Her looks rested with a pure and profound expression of maternal fondness, that yet broke not forth in words, on her sole and only companion. This was a young lady, who critically considered, had no

claim to beauty—but, wherever seen, bore of the belle from insipid regularity of feature, by her varying and resistless play of countenance, and the superiority of her *tourneur*. Above the middle height, her's belonged to the "first order of fine forms," and was set off by a careless and airy grace of demeanour, a buoyant and undulating sorcery of motion to be found only in the step and gait of a highly accomplished dancer. Her eyes and hair were brown, of a shade so deep as to pass usually for black, and the latter possessed in an abundance, that might have vied with the silken growth of any Spanish head. was part wreathed about her leaf-shaped comb of carved tortoise shell, in a diadem the most becoming that can encircle a female head—and part fell in large, loose ringlets over the lofty brow, where

"Her eye-brow's shape was like the arched bow."

The half severed lips, full and red, gave glimpses of a double row of pearl within, exempting our heroine at least from the foul reproach, flung at the American fair by Moore's sarcasm-tentuous lines. The clear brown of a complexion constitutionally pale, and the whole contour of her face, betrayed a foreign descent as decidedly as every look and gesture did the patrician air and graceful ease of a high-bred fashion: in short, the whole presence, manner and style, were, at a glance, those of a supreme *lady*—such as would be obeyed as an "Open Sesame" by the difficult doors of Almas. This forlorn but fascinating creature, was, likewise, in evening costume as bidden and bound to the so talked of musical party. The dress of black *crippel*, unornamented with jewels, and simple in the extreme, was made and worn with that style so rare and *recherché*, which adorns whatever it touches; its flowing drapery, that fell about the prettiest feet in the world, and the decorous height of the *corsage*, which, shaded without concealing the perfect outline of a bust, equal to that of the far-famed Lady Charlemont, were in unison alike with delicacy and good taste; and each one of the flowers, composing the *bouquet* inserted amid her dark locks, was perfumed according to its natural scent. The fan of carved ivory, the *mouchoir brodé*, the essence bottle, was, each *impayable*, of its kind; but unlike the toast, whose person and pretensions we have already described, it was evident that no part of her garb or equipments here occupied the chief portion of the wearer's thoughts. After a few minutes chat with her august looking parent, and having kissed her forehead and cheek at parting, Monimade Rozelle, not forgetting a last glance at the bright reflection of herself

"In the fair mirror pictur'd true,"—

flitted like a sylph to her carriage, and was driven to the house of her friend.

Dissimilar as we have represented these two young ladies to be, there was yet one point of resemblance between them: both were, at that instant, secretly engrossed by the same male subject. Edward Vere, nephew and reputed heir to the chief magistrate of Washington, was a handsome young man, who concealed

beneath an almost feminine shyness and softness of exterior, a character replete with energy and passion. Despite his want of tact and address, an engaging figure and amiable temper, endeared when once known, and the wealth and worldly dignity of his uncle were such as reflecting on his protégé, rendered him a great object in the circles of high life. Gen. Vere was a widower, without children, and had, so far, shown no intention of taking a second wife. His house, his gardens, his plate his equipage, were all unrivalled in elegance; and the kinsman who was heir at law to so much splendour, seemed likewise, invested with the stronger claim of an adopted son. Miss Bassett, an only daughter, but not an only child, had just made her *début* with vast applause in the fashionable world of Washington. Her father, long ranking as one of the "merchant-princes" (as they have been ironically called) of New York, was also a man whose pre-eminent talents gave him a proud place among the legislators of the Republic. He was passionately fond of his beautiful Eliza, and disposed to humour her in every wish: hence a union with young Vere, who though himself without fortune, had its substitute in birth and brilliant prospects, was not likely to displease him, even in a prudential point of view. Installed as the belle of the season, the fair and rich Miss Bassett, had she been governed by the precepts of her maternal *chaperon*, would have scorned to look below a foreign minister, or *attaché* at the least; but frightened by the broad hints of the purse-proud mother, the diplomatic principals all fought shy of a matrimonial scrape,—and their secondaries, though covered with gold lace on coat and *chapeau*, were none of note sufficient to inveigle into the golden nets, spread to snare their betters. The young lady, herself, of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and hitherto a passive spectator of the plots for her aggrandizement had worth—alloyed to be sure by a little vulgar affection—to make the happiness of any man; and from the evening of her first appearance at the President's, had evinced by her peculiar complaisance to Edward Vere, that in choosing a husband, her preference was for private felicity rather than show. But her smiles, while they could not fail to flatter his vanity, took no farther effect upon a heart prepossessed beyond recall in favour of another.

Monimia de Rozelle, though living with her parent in almost conventual seclusion, had long been intimately acquainted with the gentleman in question. She had formerly nixed a good deal in the gay world, of which she was so formed to be an ornament; but circumstances of deep domestic affliction, had given her a distaste for haunts of pleasure, and confirmed her natural bias to less ephemeral and more ennobling enjoyments. With a genius fit for the highest studies, she had a surprising aptitude to all elegant accomplishments—and an air and manner such as belongs to the inhabitants of a court. Of French extraction by the father's side, she joined the wit and vivacity of his nation, with the sterling qualities and modest virtues of a Virginia house-wife—and sublimed them all with a lofty reach of thought and a capacity of

heroic purpose peculiarly her own. Yet was the attractive and accomplished Monimia, no "faultless monster!" She was proud, satirical, refined to fastidiousness, and too apt to despise others for their lack of the fortitude and strength of mind, which, in her, regulated, without impairing feeling. Devoted unto the death to the few she valued, she had little sympathy with, or tolerance of the many; and though an hereditary generosity, and that compassion innate in her sex, moved her eagerly to extend relief to all who craved it—and her keen sense of the ludicrous, enabled her to extract amusement from the most ordinary things and characters; still she was no general lover of her kind. But proud as our heroine was, and took pride in being, hers was not of that revolting species which alienates by arrogance and supercilious condescension to inferiors. Her pride taught her to spurn a mean action as unworthy Monimia de Rozelle—to adhere to a high strain of principle and conduct, as transmitted to, and alone befitting that name. Of a sensibility profound, rather than vehement, she had long been deemed not merely "chaste," but cold as

"The icicle that hangs on Dian's temple;"

and yet twice had this "seeming marble-breast been softened, nay melted into the warmest love. Her first passion, such as can be felt only once, and on its termination, leaves life a desert, and the heart a waste—was repaid with interest by him who excited it; but as proud and shy, as he believed her frigid and haughty, the lovers owed their eventual disappointment to a mutual misapprehension of character. For a long time Monimia, with the impatient despair of a youthful mind, had fancied all the amatory ends of life to be over with her; but after the death and worse than death, of a three year's constancy and grief, she began to perceive herself, gradually but surely, imbibing the same dangerous sentiments for another. But, though alike intense in degree, what a difference in nature between the wild energy of her early adoration, and the soft bondage of her present attachment. Under the restless rage of the one her heart had been seared and blighted like the "sweet leaves" of the opening flowret beneath the fierce splendour of the noon-tide ray: the other, like "the refulgent lamp of night" ensilvering a summer landscape, diffused a gentle and delicious serenity—a tender moon-light over her soul, as mild as it was voluptuous. But a new and unlooked-for impediment speedily disclosed itself to mar the delight attendant on these reciprocal and exquisite sensations—and to verify the celebrated complaint of Hermia,

"Ah! me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

Edward Vere on his introduction to the graceful De Rozelle, had been wonderfully struck by the fascination of her figure and a further acquaintance ripened this impression into an idolatry as lasting as it was violent, and romantic. At first he sought her society for the sake of that lively elegance and witty *badinage*, which seemed to put every body at immediate ease;

then as the symptoms of his disorder grew stronger upon him, he persuaded himself it was only

"Admiration glancing harmless by :"

and when at last aware of the extent of his enslaver's empire over him, the discovery was productive of no unpleasant anticipations or regrets. Judging by the rank and opulence of the young lady's family, the *inamorato* took it for granted that she inherited a moderate competency; without which, on the one side or the other, *prudence* urged the impossibility of a marriage between them. This was, however, but an after-thought; for in the beginning of their courtship, Edward concluded, his mistress to be as plain and unexpensive in her habits as she really was. Under this belief, his visits increased in frequency; and soon passion prevailing over timidity, he spoke of love. Though Monimia replied not, she blushed—she listened,—and Vere was encouraged to persevere in his suit. But this avowal from him, led, on her part, to the like sincerity on one point: as soon as she perceived herself seriously sought by him, she frankly and fully declared her portionless condition. The immense possessions of Monsieur de Rozelle, had been dissipated in extravagance and sumptuous living,—and his daughter was left utterly unprovided for, save in the slender pitance secured by the clever management of his widow, and now well nigh consumed in their joint support. This piece of news was as unexpected as undesired by the lover, not however that he thought of, or feared for himself. Any thing but mercenary in temper, he was proud, sensitive, jealous and faint-hearted at the thought of Miss de Rozelle's immeasurable superiority over him, and his own destitute state. He could with firmness, indeed rapture, brave all privation and suffering with Monimia for his partner; but how, he asked himself, would it fare with *her*? Each day's intercourse convinced him more and more of the luxury, the magnificence that she was bred to, and in which all her connexions basked: and he felt shocked, debased at the idea of humbling her to his poverty and dependence. Sometimes swayed by the promptings of a suspicious diffidence, he dreaded that, accustomed to the glare and lavish expenditure of wealth, her gracious reception of him, was wholly interested and based on a calculation to re-instate herself by his means in her original sphere,—and that on learning his actual pecuniary position, she would spurn a wooer with only "wisdom and worth" to recommend him. But even if she should say in the words of the tender Angelina, "but these were all to me," he was too well versed by an experience the most injurious to a generous mind, in the endless mortifications, the corroding misery inseparable from a paucity or uncertainty of means to commit, in order to his own gratification, the villainy of subjecting a girl so born, and habituated to the elegancies of life, to the precarious chances of one without income or property. His expectations of heirship deemed so certain by others, and whose influence he mistrusted over the mind of Monimia, he knew to be held by the frail tenure of an-

other's will; and recent demonstrations on the part of his uncle, made it probable that they would ultimately end in smoke: at all events, nothing would so much incense him as an imprudent match on the part of his nephew. It is true he had strongly and repeatedly urged Edward to marry—but always with the proviso that he must win a wealthy bride; especially had he warned him to beware of an entanglement with the bewitching De Rozelle. High-spirited and tenacious of his rights, the young man secretly resented this interference with his freedom of choice, which it only tended to rouse; but considerations of the most sacred and delicate nature, forced him to be cautious of flying in the face of the General's recommendation. Besides his self-love was nettled at the coldness, which shrunk from openly confessing a return of regard. Hence his behaviour was influenced by all the fluctuations of hope, doubt and despair; and Monimia, to whom he had, without reserve, laid open the whole state of his affairs, was, by turns, charmed and vexed at an irresolution, now realizing the line—

"I loved thee well, and yet I wooed thee not."

Sure of herself, knowing that her mind was firmly fixed on its own centre, and not to be shaken by difficulties or indigence, of which she had already an ample foretaste—she was willing—indeed eager to encounter any lot with Vere; and the forbearance of his disinterested attachment, struck her sometimes as admirable—then as capricious and provoking in the extreme. At length, after diverse alternations of warmth and coldness—after many a covert declaration *de part et d'autre*, and joint railings at "the foul house-wife, Fortune,"—the lovers came to understand themselves as tacitly pledged to await, disengaged and in patience, some favourable change of circumstances. Matters stood thus between them when one of the lady patronesses of Washington amusements, bestowed herself in getting up the concert just about to commence.

We accompany our young people to the scene of gaiety at the Secretary's mansion. The Bassetts, as their coach outstripping the hack filled with the beaux of their party, drew up without difficulty to the door, found themselves, to the infinite satisfaction of the corpulent lady-mother, almost the last arrival,—though Gen. Vere's carriage drove off to make way for theirs—and they saw his nephew ascending the steps before them: in the entry they overtook him. The eyes of the gentle Eliza invited his advance as plainly, if not as loudly, as the tongue of her consequential mamma, and their male attendants lagging unaccountably behind, in civility he could but proffer his service to assist the daughter in uncloaking, while Mr. Bassett performed that office for his wife. One act of politeness entailed another; Edward's arm was, of course accepted, as the corollary to his involuntary duty about the claps and furred overshoes of the reigning beauty,—and they went in, together *en partis carrée*. The drawing-room was empty, or nearly so,—Mrs. R——, had left her station of reception near the door,—and they passed through into a larger and more

apartment, were the ethereal sounds of a harp divinely played, arose above the buzz of voices, the hum of motion, and the clatter of spoons and saucers. All heads were turned to see who entered so late, and immediately reverted in their previous direction. "Mrs. R——, has taken her seat," proclaimed one gentleman, as he bowed *en passant*. "Keep on, sir,—keep on—a little more to the right; you will find the lady near the fire-place," said another, as drawing her husband after her, and jostling and discomposing those on either side, the protuberant leader of the double file, undauntedly forced her way through the dense mass in front of her. "Oh! my hair!" screamed one poor girl in agony, whose head, dressed after Lafore's best fashion, suffered sad derangement from the ponderous gold tassels, pendant from Mrs. Bassett's magnificent turban, hitching in its elaborate puffs. Good Lord! what ails the woman, to come smashing my sleeves out of all shape?" demanded a second, facing angrily round to repel the aggression, as bobbing her head about and twisting her fat body into various fantastic contortions intended for courties, the *soi-disant* dame of *ton* moved majestically onward regardless of the damage she had none, like a mighty galliot wrecking a parcel of fishing-smacks. The elegant hostess, who from the lateness of the hour, had given them out, came hastily forward to meet the new-comers; but Edward Vere, transfixed in excess of credulous consternation, neither noticed nor returned her cordial greeting. A sight, as hideous and as fascinating as the Gorgon's head, glared full upon him. Through an opening in the half-circle formed around her, he saw Monimia de Rozelle, bending over the most picturesque of instruments, in an attitude of immitable negligence and grace, and singing with a depth of expression, carefully banished from her glance only to luxuriate in a voice comparable to Garcia's, the impassioned air of "*Di tanti palpiti*;"—while his uncle leant over her chair, his ardent eyes rivetted on her peerless figure—and on the other side, a foreigner of distinction, with all the exuberant gesture of his country, kept time to her performance, and seemed lost in ecstasy. The disconcerted lover saw "the white rising of her hands upon the harp;" he saw those usually pale cheeks, dyed with the deepest crimson—and those orbs full and "darkly bright," now downcast and "beautifully shy," as they drooped before the gaze of her numerous auditors. The agony of ages seemed condensed in the deadly pang, that shot through his heart, as he reflected that Monimia had, that very morning, playfully evaded his inquiry as to whether she was to be at Mrs. R——'s. And yet here she was, in spite of her half-denial—the being he fancied so fond and so faithful—so dependant on his suffrage for her own approbation; here she was, radiant in gaiety and grace—reinsistent in her regal supremacy—smiling and playing in careless coquetry—encouraging the applause of others besides himself: and most horrible of all, attracting the homage, perhaps, the love, of his uncle. At once his jealous fears suspected himself supplanted by this, his second parent. Misjudging the flush and embarrassment of a modest confusion at finding herself

the object of general attention, he translated these evidences of woman's instinctive virtue, (rather obsolete they were in truth) into testimonies of a delightful consciousness of his rival's obvious admiration. He turned away from the odious spectacle, scarce knowing what he did,—and dropping the arm, that lay so lovingly within his, retreated without one syllable of apology—or even leading his fair creature to a seat. Yet he had not reached the next room, ere a moment's reflection convinced him of his absurdity; a sense of triumph involuntary triumph blended itself with his chagrin—and urged his return, to witness the success of her, whom, in some measure he considered as belonging to himself. The last full chords of the symphony vibrated on his ear, as he made his way back to the side he had so abruptly deserted; but the great press around the nominal orchestra, hid the syren from his view. "Charming! now isn't it?" "How sweetly she plays!" "Now, really she has a fine voice,"—was uttered by the would-be *dilettanti*, and mechanically re-echoed by simpering belles, and starched and longing beaux. At length as Edward with Miss Bassett, now, for the first time, unheeded and overlooked, followed in the wake of their bulky conductress, who resolutely wrestled forward to gain a conspicuous place,—the undulations of the crowd afforded him a nearer glimpse of the soul-subduing musician. She now stood beside the harp, putting on her gloves, and bowing in acknowledgment of the compliments heaped upon her,—among which the agitated lover caught the words from his courtly uncle, "What can we say of your voice, and of yourself, but that both are exquisite as this 'odoriferous chaplet of sweet summer buds?'" And plucking a sprig of the lilacs interwoven with scarlet and geranium in her hair, the General apparently shunning a marked attendance on Monimia, suffered the Italian signor to lead her away to Helen and Nancy R——, the lively and amiable daughters of the Secretary. Here her enthusiastic escort endeavoured to place himself so as to keep off all intruders—but he was not allowed to achieve his impertinent monopoly. "Who is she?" "What is she?" "Where is she from?" were questions eagerly and repeatedly asked, and as often answered by Mrs. R——. The long estrangement of Miss De Rozelle, from promiscuous society, rendered her as new to the dashers of the *grand monde*, as if she had been, in reality, the French woman her name and manner denoted her; except to her own particular *coterie*, her person and rare endowments were utterly unknown, and their effect proportionally great. They now blazed forth like lightning out of a cloud, eliciting general wonder and commendation. The New York star disappeared before this brighter luminary; the tame and automaton-like regularity of her beauty and motions undergoing a transient, but entire eclipse, by the animated attractions of grace and talent, enhanced by the perfection of *ton* and *tournaire*. Foiled in his aim at an exclusive appropriation of the *débutante*, as she might, in some sort, be termed, the obsequious Neapolitan found himself, every moment, disturbed in his discourse by some fresh presentation to the

prima-donna of the evening. By the *Corps Diplomatique* she was completely *obscured*; and when a French *chârgé*, with the easy assurance and civil pertinacity of his nation, edged himself within speaking distance of his *compatriote*, as he styled her; the disappointed Italian, quite out-talked, was fain to resign his station in extremity of despair.

The company had now divided into groups—conversation, partially suspended during our heroine's excelling strains, revived apace; the clamorous chorus of tongues entirely drowning the clatter of the piano-keys, whereon one of the fair band of harmonists made out with false notes, and discords innumerable, to stumble through the "Overture to Der Freyschutz." Then came "Le Portrait," that tenderest of French romances, sung in pure style, and a fine mellow tone—but with a pronunciation so barbarously variant from the original, that *Madame la Consule Générale*, who knew no "*Angloise*," gravely thanked the songstress for gratifying her with English words to her favorite air.* Another and another succeeded; but in vain was the spell of "sweet Lydian measures" exerted in opposition to our natural and national indifference to melody. Few, or none listened to the music; the men discussing political and gambling topics with all the more freedom because less liable to be overheard,—and the ladies, as dull of ear, bandying compliments with such gallants, as they could per force detain themselves whispering scandal, or audibly indulging in rude and sneering personal remarks. Miss De Rozelle continued the queen of the scene, and paid the costs of her popularity among the gentlemen, in many a bitter or insidious critique from the female part of the assemblage. Now the witchery of her speech and address shone out in their full lustre, as pleased rather than piqued by the stealthy, yet earnest observation of her anxious adorer, who hovered around without accosting her—and inspired by the desire of showing off before him, she became engaged in a lively dialogue with her new and vivacious acquaintance. Speaking his vernacular like a native, and her elegant and varying countenance lit up by the glow of genius and excitement, their colloquy soon assumed that peculiar and happy turn, which conversation possesses only in French; that play of words and ideas—that correspondence of phrases and gestures—that union of sentiment, and sprightly sense, so expressively designated by the epithet *spirituel*. While the two thus talked in high spirits together they gradually become the centre of a circle, and the subject of various commentary.

"There's a shape for you! Mills" said a gentleman joining a cluster near, and pointing as he spoke to Miss de Rozelle.

"Truly, it is very fine! small by degrees and beautifully less, from the soft bosom to the slender waist,"—said the honourable member appealed to and famous for quotation, to his friend, a "buck-horse" Kentuckian.

"Yea, strait as a pine-splinter, and nimble as a wild-cat," was the comparative reply.

"And yet in some points, I hold her inferior

to that nymph-like beauty, with her "glowy tresses loosely bound," observed the pompous orator, in the tone and manner of one declaiming before a public assembly.

"Like enough—like enough," rejoined his blunt companion, "for one's rich, and t'other's poor, as I understand—and let alone your Yankee speculators for smelling out and hanging on to a good bargain. But I'll be blessed if that an't the girl for a back-woodsman—eyes like a snake's—sings like a mocking bird—and could run up a tree like a squirrel. Its' a cursed shame though, to see her turn her back on her own country-folks, and stand there jabbering away with that outlandish cretur, that looks plaguy like a monkey with its tail cut off."

"Oh! horrid, Mr. Wildth," drawled out with what she fancied the true Clara Fisher lip, a maiden somewhat in the wane, with her hair hanging dishevelled about her scraggy throat—her robe fantastically bedizened with as many flowers as Ophelia's—and *pantaloons* (that most unfeminine usurpation) deeply frilled with lace. "Abominable! now an't it, to thee a young woman tho bold and tho intulthing to we Americanth. I declare I had rather have a bean from the Weht, than a forrin duke." And the bashful queerist slipped her hand within the Kentuckian's arm, saying as she looked-up in his face with a grimace meant for an insinuating smile, "but leth walk about a little—do. I'm tired to death thitting thill ever thince Col. Hatton went to get me thome ice-cream."

"Come on, Madam, I must be at your service, since you seize upon me with the gripe of an alligator. Here we go, as large as life, and twice as natural. Let's walk round this way; I want to take a look at that pretty little Bassett: she's hooked a fine fellow in young Vere—worth a thousand imported ninnies like that, I can tell you."

And aptly representing a huge bearded ogre by an ape, the couple sauntered towards our hero, in whose breast the universal admiration and delight, contended with the suggestion of a morbid jealousy. With Miss Bassett, who suffered the sensations of a deposed sovereign, still leaning on him, Edward Vere stood, writhing under worse than the fabled agonies of Talalus, as he contemplated the brilliant and beloved being before him. Enchanted by her seductive spells—enraged at her flirtations, as he ungratefully misalled those innocent efforts to appear to the utmost advantage in his eyes, he inwardly execrated her as a heartless and deceptive coquette, while all her powers were put forth solely to please and dazzle him. Under this erroneous judgment, he tried to repay the false girl in her own coin, by the most glaring dedication of himself, to his fair and forsaken conquest,—and gazed with his soul in his eyes, on the first, while apparently, absorbed in interesting communion with the latter. For once in her life, the discontented Eliza, overjoyed to engross Edward, but mortified at her temporary dethronement and desertion, felt the touch of envy, as even while blushing and whispering to the man of her choice, she beheld her fickle court of "well-dressed males," crowding eagerly about the new "CYNTHIA of the minute." In vain the ex-belle

*A fact.

twirled her personnal pony—in vain she practised her softest glances, and best classic postures; and if amid the first raptures of requited love, female vanity missed, and bewailed its lost empire, it was a pardonable weakness, especially as her “dear five hundred friends,” lady-like, took the opportunity of revenging themselves on the past triumphs of her beauty, by their invidious condolence on her present forlorn plight.

“Now, positively, ’tis too bad to see your beaux run away from you so,” said one bosom-companion kindly, as several gentlemen recognizing their late divinity by hasty bows, pressed forward to render fealty to her successor.

“To be sure ’tis vastly provoking,” continued another of the sympathetic comforters, who set up for a wit, “but then Eliza knows it can’t be helped—and some comfort is her recreant knights will soon tire of that flirting Euterpe. There’s no holding the men, any how; they are as fugitive as time, or as our fairest charms.”—and the speaker surveyed Miss Bassett, as if to imply the decay of her boasted face.

Numberless hits of this sort somewhat tended to ruffle the wrapt serenity of a heart secure in the return of its affection; and it was natural they should—(she had been no woman else;) but after all, pleasure predominated commensurably over pain, when the fond girl looked upon him, whom she had long sighed thus to enthral.

Mrs. Bassett, baffled in her attacks on the diplomatic dignitaries, was well enough pleased to believe her daughter sure of the first young man about town. Wholly intent upon fastening herself for the evening to Madame Huggens, she had left the “young folks” to their own discretion, and was busy in chasing that lady from room to room—sometimes lucky enough to walk abreast with her—then holding on to the gown of the ambassadress, that she might not lose her in the throng; a calamity, which nevertheless occurred more than once. A wealthy Georgian, returning from the medical school at Philadelphia, espied her sedulous servility to *Madame la Baronne*, and mischievously thwarted it in every possible way. Once as the lady of an American, and a member of Congress, thus abased herself into a train-bearer (or something below it) he whistled her off by name, as if calling his dog,—“Here, Bassett—here, fellow, here,” to the infinite amusement of the bystanders.*

Meanwhile the rivals stood a few paces apart,—offering, in all respects, the strongest contrast; the Northern representative, with her exquisite head, and ordinary person, reminding one of a peerless fragment of Grecian art, placed on the shoulders of some modern piece of sculpture, and her airs and attire, no less unsuitable, and the lovely Virginian, no incongruities of costume or manner marring her attractions, but all ease and elegance, now and then embellished by the superb affectations and graceful folly of a Farren, or an Abingdon, looking not like a deity or a muse (however much her acquirements assimilated her to this last)—but, like what she actually was, the most polished and gifted of her sex,—the Devonshire of our Western

Continent. Young Vere, as he alternately surveyed the confronted competitors, acknowledged the full force of superiority in her he adored, but whom, at this moment, he thought he detested. Their eyes met—they were too close to avoid a recognition; a bow, stiff and distant on his side—slight and *non-chalant* on her’s, was all the salutation exchanged between the two, who, for months had been all in all to each other. But Monimia felt the blood mount to her very temples, and the lover’s whole frame was shaken by a tremor, that communicated itself to the lady upon whom he waited with such praise-worthy constancy.

It was now time for the concert to recommence,—and Mrs. R——, who, evidently, relied on Miss De Rozelle, to make the *frase* of the entertainment, came to summon her to the *piano* which was her *forte*. The General, whom his nephew had remarked to keep at a little distance, warily noting the motions of Monimia, contrived, for a miracle, to forestall the officious *chaperon*, and handed her to her seat before the instrument, calling out, as he did so, to those around, “Come, come, silence! silence! now we’re going to have—

“A fearful battle rendered us, in music.”

and the jealous Edward fancied that he overheard his uncle, as he led the young lady along, make some allusion to the *lilac-flower*, taken from her hair, and proudly worn in his button-hole, as the floral type of “the first emotions of love,” then agitating his heart. This supposition was enough to send him, for a while, away from her vicinity. But her Parisian friend was not to be so easily shaken off. He took up his post behind the chair of the matchless pianist,

“Whose voice, thro’ melting mazes running,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning.”

first warbled to her own accompaniment, and the chorus of sundry assistants, the pretty *rondeaus* of “*Depuis long-temps*.” He adjusted and turned over the leaves of the piece next in order, which was a set of brilliant variations to a popular air; at the conclusion whereof, the room resounded with cries of “*Encore—encore!*” Miss De Rozelle arose with dignity, and retired to a sofa, still pursued by the devoirs of her assiduous attendant; he flitted the fan,—he held the handkerchief,—he presented the *flacon*, with a happy mixture of *empressment* and self-complacency; and Edward, who despised, yet coveted this knack at polite trifling, had much ado to refrain from inflicting, on the spot, summary punishment upon the coxcomb, who thus presumed, and was repaid by those sunny smiles due to him alone. His uncle, who, like himself, he knew to be perfectly indifferent to the “concord of sweet sounds,” continually interrupted the chat of the fluent egotist with petitions to the captivating minstrel for a renewal of her performance; and at last, in order to escape the sight of Edward’s ostentatious devotion to Miss Bassett, she consented to resume the place just vacated by one of the lady-musicians. At first she began the appointed air of “*Auld Lang Syne*,” and sang a few bars with a spirit and feeling, that stirred a sympathetic string in every

* An actual occurrence.

breast. Suddenly her voice failed her—she could no longer dissimulate; and changing the touching strain for one of sportive brilliancy, she dashed off a waltz with a rapid yet masterly hand, and bade the listening throng obey the dictates of the dance. The proposal was rapturously received; for her auditors—all but a few passionate amateurs—were long ago—worn and yawning over the musical treat. Chairs were pushed back—sofas wheeled aside—tables rolled out of the way—and couples instantly arranging themselves in a circle. The scientific Frenchman, who had been deploring with vehement pathos, the monstrous solecism of a “Concert” in an apartment carpeted and crowded with furniture,—now horror-struck at the worse anamoly about to be enacted, was moving off with a pantomimic expression of pity and contempt at such vulgar ignorance,—when the mistress of the revels approaching, insisted for Monimia to go and join the set, adding, “I am competent to this—and ’tis time you should enjoy yourself a little.” Miss De Rozelle yielded up her seat,—and the *chargé* pausing in his flight, seized her hand exclaiming, “*Quelle horreur ! Mais que c’est une barbarie, cette mode-là !* I was about to run away mid my-sel—*mais quel si vous voulez lein me faire l’honneur* to take one lictle turn in de waltz.”

“Excuse me, *Monsieur le Comte*,” said Monimia, speaking purposely in English. “I would with pleasure, if ’twere any other dance, but I never waltz in company.”

The Frenchman dropped her hand—bowed slightly, and shrugging his shoulders and wringing his *chapeau*, retreated in huge disdain, repeating half-aloud as he went off, “Not waltz in company! *Mais, mon Dieu ! quelle précieuse ridicule ! Vraiment, she be bourgeoisie and Américaine* after all.”

“Edward heard the request and the repulse; new life sprung up in his heart; snatching her hand, and pressing it fervently, he ejaculated, “Thank you, a thousand times for this forbearance!”

Confused at his own impetuosity, which, however, passed unnoticed in the general bustle, he relinquished the soft fingers so tremulous in his grasp,—with a thrill of delight, that beamed in her magic smile, Monimia disengaged a bunch of roses from her breast, and threw them on the chair beside him, with a whispered application of the line,—

“May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!”

given in Lady Montagu’s Turkish love-letter as the symbolical meaning of the queen of flowers; which quotation had once before, sanctified a similar gift from his idol. He caught up the emblematic treasure, and pressed it to his heart,—while she turned away her blushing face; and for once, the lovers understood, and were satisfied with each other.

But fate frowned adverse to their flame. The beautiful Eliza, whose attention during this short scene, had been diverted elsewhere, now turned towards Edward Vere,—and seeing the living cluster he held, in disparagement of her own artificial garlands, stretched out her hand for it, saying, “What lovely roses! are they for me?”

Edward’s constitutional *mauvaise-honte*, and his dread of the discovery of his attachment, hindered him from answering, “No”—but he did say “Yes.” He suffered her to take the bouquet expecting its instant return; but while she was smelling at, and admiring its fragrance, they were separated by some crossing between them; and ere they met again Miss Bassett, whose revolted subjects had, one or two of them, resumed their allegiance, was led out to dance. Edward, who never joined in that lively exercise, had nothing better to do than to look on, and compare her rectangular and constrained movements, with the elastic step and swaying shape of his serial De Rozelle, who, when the waltzers tired of their awkward whirling, formed into cotillions, took the floor, and when nigh transformed the whole company into spectators, by an exhibition, which might have reconciled the superfluous French functionary to her tasteless rejection of the gliding German measure. Her dancing, as perfect and as modest as that of Taglioni, had an effect on her lover, which her harmonic powers had failed to produce; but when he sought to tell her this by his glances of fond admiration, he found her’s hardly cast on him, and averted with an expression of bitterest scorn and anger. The bouquet, bestowed in a moment, and with a feeling so tender—that bouquet gathered from the rose-bush, his sole present to her, and whose blossoms had been called only for him,—now reposed on the bosom of her wealthy rival, who seemed thus to inhale the sweets of Edward’s love, while she felt its sharpest thorns beset her breast. But pride rallied to her aid,—and the attentions of her partner, a young English attaché, afforded an opportunity of retaliation not thrown away. The unwitting offender, who saw the momentary direction of her eyes, and was distracted at her subsequent *agtercies*, hastened to reclaim the fatal nose-gay, but it was all too late. Glowing with a resentment, which she was too haughty to vent in words or glances of reproach, Monimia carefully avoided looking towards him,—but divided her smiles and her sparkling sallies between Gen. Vere, and her handsome foreign partner. At length the endless evening came to a close. Edward, who lingered till the last moment, in hopes of being able to make his justification, was standing in the passage, as Monimia with her friend, Helen, came down stairs. The gay tones of that silvery voice, still in pleased converse with her English cavalier, grated dissonant on his ear; he witnessed the care, almost tenderness, with which this happy man enfolded her in her cloak; he heard her coquettish reply to his entreaty for leave, to wait upon her next day; “I permit you to shawl me,—to see me to the carriage—and now,” as he put her in, and stood hat in hand on the step, “*au revoir*.” Miss R——, who was going home with Monimia, followed with her brother—the door was shut—they drove off; and devoutly cursing the object of his dotage, for an errant jilt, the indignant lover flung himself into the coach, which had, long since, conveyed his uncle home, and now came back to fetch him.

This night was decisive of the lovers’ implied engagement. Monimia, glowing with a dis-

pleasure all the more intense because it scorned crimination or complaint, never admitted Edward to a chance of explanation or apology. *Love* had enjoyed his day—and the reign of *prudence*, was about to succeed that blind rule. She had long been aware, though her tenderness for the nephew's feelings, had shrunk from conceding the fact, that very little encouragement was necessary to convert Gen. Vere into her declared lover. Her only parent's means of subsistence, were fast dwindling into nothing; she had sacrificed every thing for the benefit of this beloved daughter, who now appeared, fatally bent on throwing away her whole life upon an *imprudent* attachment, the issue whereof was precarious and protracted to the last degree. Extremely partial to young Vere, and deeming Monimia the best judge, in a measure involving her own happiness, Mrs. De Rozelle was quite willing for her to take the consequence of a union with a man, whose merit, at least, was equal to his poverty; but she had no patience with such unusual and interminable procrastination. Her pecuniary affairs were perplexed in the extreme; and want and difficulty together, or separation insupportable to either, she foresaw as the inevitable lot of both mother and child, except the latter speedily retrieved her fortune by marriage. There was small likelihood of this, with the nephew,—while the overtures of the uncle were as eligible as mortal woman could wish; rank, affluence, an amiable character, a fine mind, every advantage but the questionable one, of youth, seemed included in the offer of his hand. All this, and much more, had been enforced over and over again, by the urgent arguments of Mrs. De Rozelle; but so long as the prepossessed Monimia could hug to her heart, the faintest prospect of a settlement, at however distant a date, with the object of her preference, she turned, not a deaf, but a cold ear, to the grave counsel of wisdom and experience. But weeks had grown into months, and months into years, since the beginning of her intimacy with young Vere; and still the lovers languished on in "single blessedness."—their lives embittered by the agonies of "hope deferred."

Miss De Rozelle, alive to a full sense of her own dignity, and quickened by an extraneous impulse began, at last, to get impatient, under the idea that Edward trifled with her—and that it was high time for him to "wed, or cease to woo." She felt at a loss how to apprehend his conduct; he haunted her company incessantly—was miserable if she spoke to, or of, any other man, and consulted and confided in her precisely as if they were an affianced couple; yet with all these marks of impassioned interest in her, there was no correspondent hurry to bring matters to an ordinary conclusion. Nevertheless Monimia, believing herself truly and honourably loved, found no fault with a hesitation founded on the purest motives of regard for her ease,—till she accidentally heard from a source entitled to implicit credit that Mr. Vere was the favorite suitor of the rich beauty, Miss Bassett. Several corroborating circumstances gave authenticity to this rumour; and though not prone by nature to mistrust without cause, the sus-

picious of the lofty girl, were not, when once roused, to be removed or allayed without sifting the story to the bottom. Besides, apart from any misgivings of Edward's fidelity, she readily conceived that, unless kept up by constant excitement, the strongest passions are liable to "sink by slow decay,"—and that holding himself sure of her whenever he pleased, both from her predilection for him, and that mode of life, whose privacy guaranteed the absence of all rivals,—her lover might be apt to wear off the chains of an affection so calm and monotonous, and with the inconstancy synonymous with the lordly gender, to run after those, who, from their own attractions, and a commanding position in the realm of fashion, there flashed with a meteor's light across his path. The sequestered maiden knew that, endowed beyond most of her sex, she must tower above any, if placed upon equal ground! but the finest painting requires the advantage of a proper light,—and she was sensible that, owing to a want of opportunity for their exercise, her lover remained unconscious of the one-half of her talents and graces. Under this aspect of the case, she resolved to try what their full display could do.

Mrs. R.—, who was particularly fond of the elegant recluse, had always chided her impolitic retirement, and begged to *produce* her at a select party. Many a long day had elapsed since Monimia had made one in a gay assembly; but, now emulous of annihilating the petty disturber of her right of pre-emption to Edward Vere, and in order to ascertain the truth of what had so deeply galled her,—she consented to perform, with other belles at the famous Concert. Coming out there in all the *eclat* of her extraordinary accomplishments—outshining the *élite* of society—and taking her lover by surprise; she hoped the happiest effect from this sudden development of her splendid powers. Nor were such anticipations false or unreasonable, though the event so cruelly belied her wishes. She saw Edward make his appearance with Miss Bassett—and that he left not her side during the evening; still, for some time, she made allowances for that shy and wayward nature, so well known to her,—and excused that distance and apparent inattention to herself as characteristic alike of his love and his delicacy. But as he wrongfully irritated at her gaiety and apparent disregard of his feelings, redoubled his assiduities to the fair boast of New York,—Monimia began to tremble and to recognize more than a casual flirtation in their deep and exclusive intercourse. Her heart ached with anguish, at the bare supposition—and she felt faint and sickening under the pangs of a jealous suspense, while singing or moving in the height of her loveliness with the joyous smiles and grace of a Euphrosyne. Edward's emotion and delight, so unexpectedly expressed at her refusal to waltz, renovated her drooping hopes and spirits; and they rose elate in airy rapture at the very moment, that was doomed to crush them forever. When the confiding girl beheld the pledge of her fondest faith, transferred before her eyes to the keeping of another—and that other her superior—not in intrinsic worth, but in mere worldly and sordid dross, her whole being seemed

to undergo a sudden and radical convulsion,—and that bosom, so long the seat of purest passion, became at once its grave. The agony was tremendous, but salutary. The studious neglect, the insulting preference, for her beautiful rival, by him she had so much distinguished, had been eagerly extenuated and forgiven; but not so this last, and grossest affront. In an instant her resolution was formed, and subsequently acted upon. The claims of the dearest and most affectionate of mothers, the consideration of her own interest, the dictates of *prudence* hitherto stifled,—all now interposed in aid of outraged pride, and womanly dignity, pierced in its tenderest nerve; and after the glance that showed her the palpable proof of not only Edward's disloyalty, but of his disdain, she stood "regenerated and disenthralled," and his influence over her expired forever.

He, on his part, deemed himself no less wronged and insulted, when, after every effort to regain Monimia's ear, he heard her abrupt reserve and obstinacy accounted for by the certain news that she was receiving the addresses of his uncle. Incredible as this seemed, it was notwithstanding, as true as horrible; but far from ascribing this *denouement* of their out-standing engagement to his own blunder, the blame was all laid upon female venality and caprice. Edward believed that Miss De Rozelle had some right to be offended at his momentary surrender of her precious token; but he trusted in her candour and kindness to do him justice, and he had no doubt of her being as eager to listen to, as he was to render a satisfactory apology for his apparent slight. But when he found his long-worshipped idol not implacable, but indifferent—when he contrasted her late and last favour, with this sudden and complete estrangement—when he was able to recognize in her severe and deceitful courses, no semblance of her former self,—he could not but conclude, not that both were somewhat in the wrong, but that she had never loved—that his truth and ardour, all his sufferings on her account, reciprocal as he had weakly dreamed them, were in vain,—and that *prudently* determined to dispose of her charms at the best market, she had now accepted a wealthy bidder, while he was "whistled upon the wind, a prey to fortune." All that was manly and sensitive within him rebelled against the insolence of her cold-blooded desertion; and with a precipitancy as instantaneous as that of Romeo, he objured a haughty and unfeeling Rosalind for a Juliet, as artless as she was fair and fond. In doing this, he but followed the example of her, to whom he had been too long and deeply devoted,—and who had stung him to the quick, by a treachery long meditated, and masked beneath the most seductive tenderness. He would thus lessen her triumph, by showing that he could be as changeable and as *prudent* as herself,—and that the beautiful daughter of a *millionaire*, was well worth a portionless and unprincipled coquette, even though she were the most elegant and accomplished of her sex.

Some two or three months' after the concert at the Secretary's, a double marriage was celebrated in the Vere family. That of the General, to Monimia de Rozelle, took place in Washing-

ton, at St. John's Church; while Edward led the fair Miss Bassett to the hymeneal altar in her native city of New York. And now contrary to every rule of romance, which dooms those guilty of sacrificing Love to Prudence, as martyrs to fate and fine feelings; a regard to truth compels us to record that both matches turned out extremely well. Monimia, as a wife, performed her duty to admiration, and reaped the reward of her principled and rational conduct; while the force of her example and conversation insensibly cured the *young* Mrs. Vere (as Eliza was called) of those little defects engendered under the pernicious tuition of her mother; and she too made her husband as happy as if he had wedded his first love. It is true the world, with all its customary good nature, affirmed that the quodum lovers still maintained a secret commerce, and hinted shrewd surmises, that all was not right between them, as the General would one day find to his cost. But these charitable conclusions invaded not the better part of society, among whom the Vere's long continued to be esteemed as among the happiest and worthiest couples in the District; and Monimia, exemplifying the triumph of virtue and good sense, never had a moment's reason to repent her surrender of Love to Prudence. E. C. S.

TO —.

You say I love the moon,—I do
And why? It whispers dreams of you!
I love the moon, though 'neath its light
Is often hid the darkest night,
And many a heart that ill could brook
The sunshine, steals at eve, to look
On that pale moon.

I love the moon; though pale its beam,
'Tis truer than the sunny gleam
That glads awhile our summer's day,
Then passes like a dream away,
And leaves behind a broken spell,
Upon our night of thought to dwell.
I love the moon!

I love the moon, that silent thing
Of night and dreams, to see her fling
Her robe of light o'er earth and sea,
To wake us to her witchery
Of loveliness; mine eye could rest
For ever on a scene so blest.
I love the moon!

I love the moon, earth, sea, and sky,
The summer's sun, the autumn's sigh,
The winter's blast, though wild and drear,
Has felt like music on my ear.
I love the spring, but ah! to me
The moonlight whispers dreams of thee.
I love the moon!

VANITY.—All is vanity among men, their joy as well as their sorrow. It is better, however, that the soap-bubble should glitter with gold, or wear an azure tint, than be overcast with clouds, or what painters of nature call a dim obscurity. A mediocrity in writing is quicker perceived in poetry than in any thing else. Who would not *buoy* on the surface sometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

If further proof were wanting that not unfrequently "truth is stranger than fiction," the inhuman atrocities detailed in the following bloody tale would present unanswerable testimony. The moral turpitude of the hardened villain who forms the subject of our story is almost without a parallel, and the agony and suffering resulting from his crimes are shocking in the extreme; his situation drove him to desperation, and love of life prompted him the execution of deeds at which we shrink from the mere recital.

A few months since a Mulatto named Eriaz, at Hayti, Port au Prince, was sentenced to die for the murder of a merchant of the island. The murder was attended with horrible circumstances, and a robbery to a large amount. A few days after, Dardeza, a young Portuguese, was condemned to death for stabbing his mistress in a fit of jealousy.

The two convicts were confined in the prison, but in different cells; Eriaz, whose ferocity made him an object of terror, was confined in a dark cell; a small grating to give air opened on the passage, but not a single ray of light could penetrate this abode of wretchedness. Dardeza, the Portuguese, whose crime could not entirely obliterate sympathy for his fate, was better treated; his cell was larger, more airy, and the grated window opened on the country.

Both convicts were ironed at the feet and hands. They were informed that their execution would take place in three days, and bread and water sufficient for the period was delivered to them.

They both meditated their escape. Dardeza, who was permitted to see his friends, received from them instruments to enable him to effect his purpose, but the young man, weak and inexperienced, gave up the attempt in despair, and waited in sullen horror the moment of the hangman's visit.

Eriaz, bold and resolute, resolved to surmount every difficulty, and effect his escape.

From the road to his cell, he fancied that one side of it was the outer wall of the prison, and if so he might get off. He set to work, and to prevent his being heard, he moistened the wall, and with the irons on his hands scratched it; he thus removed some fragments; he continued to moisten it and scratch; he slept not; he never ceased working an instant, save when the jailor came with a lantern to peep at him through the grating; he then crouched down before the hole, and pretended to sleep. He continued to remove small fragments of stone, but as day brought no light to his dungeon, he was not aware how long he had worked, nor how long he had to live; he neither knew the thickness of the wall, nor into what place the breach would lead, but the hope of life triumphed over every obstacle. His situation was horrible; every noise he heard made him fancy the fatal hour was arrived; despair for a moment paralyzed him; but instantly arousing all his energies, he resumed his labour, the stone yields to his efforts—it falls—a passage is made large enough for him to pass; but, alas! to his sorrow he finds that instead of the outer wall he had only penetrated another

cell; he heard the moan of despair—it was the call of Dardeza!

Eriaz approached him, told him of his plan, and showed him what he had done. He perceived the grating open on the air of heaven—he considers flight certain; but how long it was before the fatal hour he knew not. Dardeza informed him that the coming night was the last. Eriaz overjoyed at the thoughts of one night more, considered their flight secure. Dardeza had a watch spring; with this feeble instrument they severed the iron bars of the grating—they were able to pass; but, to their horror, they found the window 60 feet from the ground. Yet this fall must be risked. There now only remained to file off their chains; both could not use the spring at once; the time before the fatal hour would not suffice for liberating both from their irons, and to escape with them on was impossible.

A terrible discussion now arose between the wretched convicts. The file was in the hands of Dardeza, and he resolved to use it himself. Eriaz, rushed on him to take it from him; a dreadful struggle took place. Eriaz, more vigorous, threw his adversary down. Dardeza feels himself vanquished; he approaches the window to throw out the file, for if it cannot save him it shall not save another. Eriaz perceives his object and prevents it. "Thou shalt not have it," exclaimed Dardeza, who put his hand to his mouth, and swallowed the file.

Eriaz threw himself down, in a state of stupefaction. "It is over then," said he, with the accent of despair—"I must die."

Dardeza was stretched on the ground—there was a rattling in his throat—the file had stuck in it, and was suffocating him. A horrid thought entered the mind of Eriaz—he rushed on Dardeza, seized him by the throat, strangled him, dashed out his brains against the wall, thrust his fist down his throat, seized the instrument, drew it forth reeking with the blood of his victim! In this state he applied it to sawing off his irons. He stripped the body of Dardeza—tore up his clothes to form a cord, which he tied to a bar of the window. He descends by it. When arrived at the extremity, he sees with a fright 30 feet below him—he falls—a platform breaks the violence of the fall—he rolls to the earth covered with bruises.

Here new difficulties await him—he is not out of the prison, but in the outer round—he has still a high wall to scale before he can be free.

While he sought for the best place to attempt this last obstacle, one of the prison mastiffs rushed on him. Eriaz met him courageously, and thrust his still bloody hand into his mouth to prevent his barking. The dog made an effort to disengage himself, succeeded, and bit off the hand of Eriaz. Thus mutilated, he fought and conquered the dog; but there was not a moment to lose, the day was beginning to break, he found a part of the wall filled with crevices, he had only one hand, yet he succeeded in climbing the wall. He was free!

At day-break the jailors went to visit the prisoners to prepare them for their fate. They found only the corpse of Dardeza, horribly mutilated.

A general alarm was given, and a proclamation made; from the traces of the blood and the hand lying near the dog which Eriaz had strangled, they found that the convict had lost his right hand; this circumstance was noticed in the description of his person.

Eriaz had run as fast as his legs would carry him an hour—he perceived a small hut, he was dying with hunger and fatigue, he entered it to solicit hospitality, for he could not reach that isolated spot. An old negress, who inhabited the hut, gave him some food, he was about to depart, when a mulatto named Caro, the son of the negress who had so generously entertained him, entered.

He had just came from Port au Prince, and began telling the wonderful story of the flight of Eriaz, and murder of Dardeza. Eriaz turned pale, and concealed the stump of his right arm under his clothes. Caro perceived it, and the intrepid young man rushed upon him, tore off his cloak, and discovered his bleeding wound. Eriaz retreated, and spying a hatchet, he advanced against Caro, who had seized a large stick. Eriaz aimed a mortal blow at his adversary; Caro warding it off; the hatchet slid along the stick, and fell on the head of the poor negress, who had tried to part them—she fell bled in her blood; Caro, furious, rushed on Eriaz, and struck him down senseless. He attempted to raise his mother—she was no more! At this time three horsemen belonging to the police entered to enquire if Eriaz had passed that way; they discovered him the author of a new crime. He was handcuffed, and fastened to the tail of one of the horses, and conveyed thus back to his prison.

Eriaz had no sooner arrived there, than he asked for a bottle of rum and a priest; to whom he related with the greatest *and* *frigid* all the details of his evasion. He then swallowed a bottle of rum at a draught. The priest had scarcely withdrawn when Eriaz fell senseless on the floor, and when the executioner came to convey him to the gallows he was no more.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO SOCIETY.

BY DR. CHANNING.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to the virtues of ordinary life. No man perhaps is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into the hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a supreme Being, of accountability, and of a future life, to be totally erased from every mind: Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices, to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men abandon religion, and who can

describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope perhaps that human laws and naturally sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the earth. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? and what is he more if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes.

It particularly deserves attention in this discussion, that the christian religion is singularly important to free communities. Indeed we may doubt whether civil freedom can subsist without it. This at least we know that equal rights and impartial administration of justice, have never been enjoyed where this religion has not been understood. It favors free institutions, first because its spirit is liberty; that is, a spirit of respect for the interest and rights of others. Christianity recognizes the essential quality of mankind, beats down with its whole might those aspiring and rapacious principles of our nature, which have subjected the many to the few; and by its refining influence, as well as by direct precept, turns to God, and to Him only, that supreme homage which has been so impiously lavished on crowned and titled fellow creatures. Thus its whole tendency is free. It lays deeply the only foundations of liberty, which are the principles of benevolence, justice, and respect for human nature. The spirit of liberty is not merely, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, an unwillingness to be oppressed ourselves, but a respect for the right of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot. Now this is the spirit of christianity; and liberty has no security, any further than this uprightness and benevolence of sentiment actuates a community.

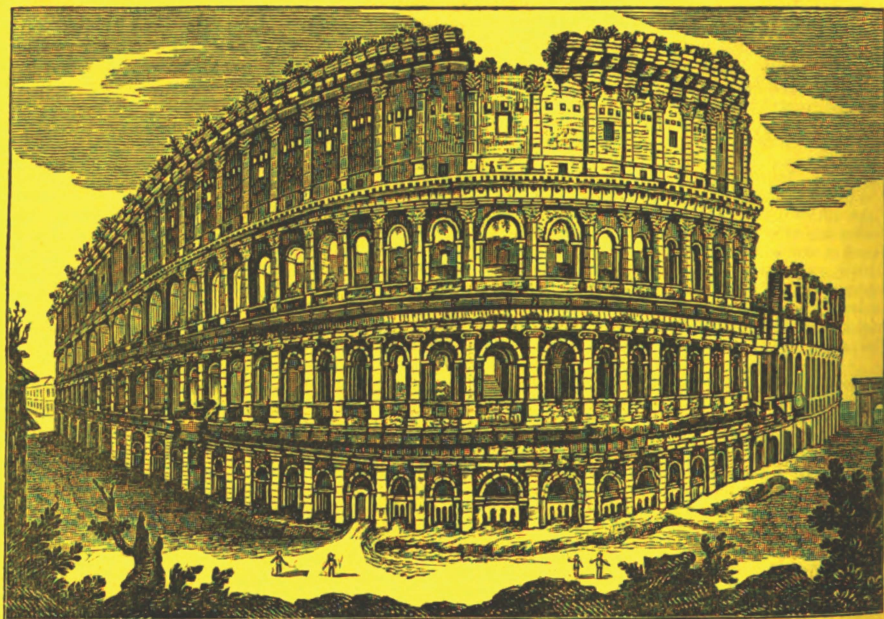
In another method religion befriends liberty. It diminishes the necessity of public restraints, and supercedes in a great degree the use of force in administering the laws; and this it does, by making men a law to themselves, and by repressing the disposition to disturb and injure society. Take away the prying and restraining influence of religion and selfishness, rapacity and injustice will break out in new excesses; and amidst the increasing perils of society, government must be strengthened to defend it, must accumulate means of repressing disorder and crime; and this strength and these means may be, and often have been turned against the freedom of the state which they were meant to secure. Diminish principle, and you increase the need of force in a community. In this country government needs not the array of power which you meet in other nations—no guards of soldiers, no host of spies, no vexatious regulations of police? but accomplishes its beneficent purposes by a few unarmed judges and civil officers, and operates so silently around us, and comes so seldom in contact with us, that many of us enjoy its blessings with hardly a thought of its existence. This is the perfection of freedom; and to what do we owe this condition? I answer to the power of those laws which religion writes on our hearts, which unite and concentrate public opinion against injustice and oppression, which spread a spirit of equity and good will through the community. Thus religion is the soul of freedom, and no nation under heaven has such an interest in it as ourselves.



The Colosseum, Rome.



Stirling Castle, Scotland.



The Colosseum, Rome.



Stirling Castle, Scotland.